

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1939.



THE FIRST KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND TO VISIT AMERICA: THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING TO THE WHITE HOUSE WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON.

Their Majesties arrived in Washington on June 8, the first King and Queen of England to set foot on American soil. They were received at the Union Station by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and as the President grasped the King's hand he said: "Well, at last I greet you. How are you? I am glad to see

you." The King entered a car with President Roosevelt, and, followed by the Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt, drove to the White House through crowded streets. The Queen raised her parasol, and as the car moved off Mrs. Roosevelt drew her attention to the Capitol dome and other sights. (Keystone and Planet News.)

Their Majesties' tour of Canada and visit to the U.S.A. are fully illustrated on pages 1115 to 1121.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is now a week since my old red cat, Sammy, went out with a lame leg into the long grass of the June meadows and ditches. He is still missing, and I fear now he will never return. This must seem a trivial matter to write about, but writers, like readers, if they are honest with themselves, are usually a great deal more concerned with trivial matters than with anything else. And though Sammy's disappearance may concern scarcely anyone else but me, it looms as large in my mind at the time of writing as anything that is happening in what is called the world of affairs. It may be unimportant to my readers, but it is Danzig to me! For when one comes to think of it, public affairs are nearly always secondary affairs on which scarcely anyone feels as strongly as over some more personal concern. They are only important because, though secondary, they are common to all and not particular to any one human being. But, however many headlines they may command, they are seldom the causes of the smile or the frown on my own and my neighbour's face. Dr. Johnson declared that they vexed no man. He may have been exaggerating—there are times nowadays when they vex a good many—but there was substance in what he said. Only very fortunate and very idle people can really find the things read about in the newspapers—for obvious reasons I exclude the betting news!—more absorbing and critical than those that never appear in the newspapers at all. That is, perhaps, why the greatest devotees of politics and foreign affairs are generally to be found in London clubs and cocktail-parties and such-like places. The rest of us have usually something better or worse (as the case may be) to think about. At the moment, with the writer it happens to be his poor cat Sammy.

Sammy, as I have already said, was—and perhaps still is—a red cat. He had a beautiful white waistcoat of great softness and four very white paws. Someone—probably a rival—had helped himself to a large slice out of his right ear, thus giving him a slightly battered and rakish appearance. A scar on his nose enhanced this effect: together with his enormous whiskers he gave something of the impression of a pre-war German nobleman who had been very well and expensively educated. Nor, I am afraid, was the sense of possessing a past, which Sammy conveyed even in his most dignified and domestic moments, wholly misleading. Indeed, it was not misleading at all. For the tiles, using the word in its metaphorical sense—for mine is a rural neighbourhood—have always been Sammy's spiritual home. His earthly one he shared with me. He did so with great grace and charm, conferring considerable distinction on a comparatively humble residence. For if Sammy was a rake, there was no denying for a moment that he was also an aristocrat. And his was the highest kind of aristocracy—the sort that makes one realise instinctively that there could never be anything higher. It was not that he possessed anything in the way of a pedigree: a long line of village ancestors, all gingery and all small, was the most that Sammy could have boasted of in this respect had it ever occurred to him to boast. Nor was there a trace of the Persian in him: like the great Elizabeth, he was unmistakably and mere English. Apart from the exquisite softness of his coat and the lithe grace of his movements, his supremacy—as marked in the world of humans as that of cats—lay in his

unspoken, unchallengeable assurance that he was welcome at all times and in all places. Never doubting this, he never imposed himself or made the least effort to exploit his personality. He just did so without trying.

But the strongest of all Sammy's traits was his lovingness. Never was a cat with such a passion for affection: to receive it he would even leave a plate of fish half-eaten. He was really devoted to the company of humans: would run eager and purring into their presence and would go into an ecstasy of vibration if one pulled his tail the right way. His master, who had long mastered the exact art of this friendly exercise, was treated with a passionate devotion which, I am sure, was as genuine as it was flattering. This faithful beast would gather up his elastic strength and hurl himself into my lap, sit outside my bedroom purring loudly for admission, and give little cries of pleasure when he discovered that I had returned home after my absence. No dog—always subject to his cat's prerogative of proud independence—could have been more devoted or companionable. Even his habit—his only ungracious one—of digging his claws deep into one's leg in moments of strong feeling arose from the very intensity of his affections. He did not only lavish these on the human kind. He had a strong affection for his own species—too strong a one. In the end, I fear, it was his undoing. His love-affairs peopled not only my own house but that of many other people: a whole world of cats sprang into being as the result of his widespread attentions. Often I have seen him drinking milk out of the same saucer as his children's children's children's children: and to all, if of the opposite sex, he proved himself, regardless of the laws of consanguinity, a husband as well as a progenitor. The loft was always full of kittens so long as Sammy was about. And so were the lofts of my neighbours.

For, noble and rare creature though he was, there was nothing exclusive in Sammy's courting. Few cats can ever have had a pleasanter home or—not to put too fine a point on it—been more spoilt. But for the sake of some distant love he would always leave it, including his own half-dozen or more wives, and go adventuring again. In this respect he never grew old. I will not say that he answered such calls without hesitation or reflection: he would generally spend some hours, or even days, mewing a good deal and occasionally looking up at me with pleading eyes before leaving the ample comforts of his home and setting out across the milkless, fireless fields. I think he regarded it as a duty, and now that he has gone—if he has gone—I am inclined to agree with him, for it is a comfort to reflect that he left behind so many little images of his own comely self. Often he would be found miles away, laying siege to some remote farm-yard Helen: on such occasions he would generally return half-starved and bloodstained and tattered after Homeric contests with what must have been whole armies of local Toms. Occasionally, to execute his campaigns the better, he would put up at some neighbour's where, on account of his trustful charm, he was always kindly received: the district nurse was a particular friend of his and was sometimes his hostess for several days. But a fortnight ago he returned thin and limping, after a long absence, with a cruelly swollen leg. For two days he was nursed and pampered back towards health: then, as soon as he could stand upright, he disappeared again. Twenty-four hours later he was found hobbling and mewing pitifully in a field a mile or two away. Brought back by car he lingered sadly, lapping milk and sleeping uneasily for another night and day, and then once more he slipped out and vanished, limping, lame and game, into the fields and woods.



THE THEFT OF A FAMOUS WATTEAU PAINTING FROM THE LOUVRE: "L'INDIFFÉRENT," PAINTED IN 1718. (Size: c. 10 in. by 7½ in.) "L'Indifférent" was stolen from the Louvre, Paris, on June 12. Its value has been put at £20,000. An official of the Louvre told a "Daily Telegraph" representative: "We have been greatly understaffed for years. Keepers cannot keep a continual watch over all the rooms." (Topical.)



THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO SALVAGE THE "THETIS": MEN ABOARD ONE OF THE "CAMELS" EXAMINING A WIRE WHICH BROKE DURING THE LIFTING OPERATIONS. The first attempt to raise the wrecked submarine "Thetis" was made on June 7, when "camels," or pontoons, were made fast to the lifting wires which had been passed under the vessel. As the tide rose, however, conditions deteriorated and three wires on the after "camel" parted and the wires on the forward "camel" had to be slipped as they were not sufficient to sustain the weight of the submarine. It was thought that there had also been a leakage of air from the wrecked vessel with the consequent entry of water into one of the hitherto unflooded compartments, thereby increasing her weight. After a conference at the offices of Cammell Laird it was decided to postpone operations until heavier gear could be obtained and that the task of salvage would be left to the Liverpool and Glasgow Salvage Association. Photographs of the memorial services to the victims of the "Thetis" disaster are reproduced on the facing page. (Keystone.)

## MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR THE "THETIS" VICTIMS: IN LIVERPOOL BAY; AT BIRKENHEAD, PORTSMOUTH AND LONDON.



LEAVING AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS TO THE DEAD OF THE "THETIS": LORD STANHOPE, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, WITH LADY STANHOPE. (Keystone.)



ATTENDED BY SOME 25,000 PEOPLE, INCLUDING WORKMEN FROM CAMELL LAIRD'S WHO BUILT THE "THETIS": THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN FRONT OF BIRKENHEAD TOWN HALL. (Planet.)



ESCORTING MOURNERS ABOARD THE "HEBE": LEADING STOKER ARNOLD, ONE OF THE FOUR SURVIVORS. (Keystone.)



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: WREATHS FLOATING ON THE SEA AFTER BEING DROPPED FROM THE "HEBE," AND (LEFT) RATINGS ABOARD "SEAGULL," WITH ARMS REVERSED. (Keystone.)



A SURVIVOR AT THE SERVICE IN ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD: CAPTAIN H. P. K. ORAM. (Keystone.)

**M**EMORIAL services for the ninety-nine men who lost their lives when the submarine "Thetis" sank in Liverpool Bay on June 1 were held at the scene of the disaster, and at ports and commands throughout the country [Continued opposite.]

on June 7. Relatives of the men in the "Thetis" were taken from Liverpool to the place where the submarine sank, in the minesweeper "Hebe," and the warships gathered there for the service included the submarine "Cachalot," and the [Continued below.]



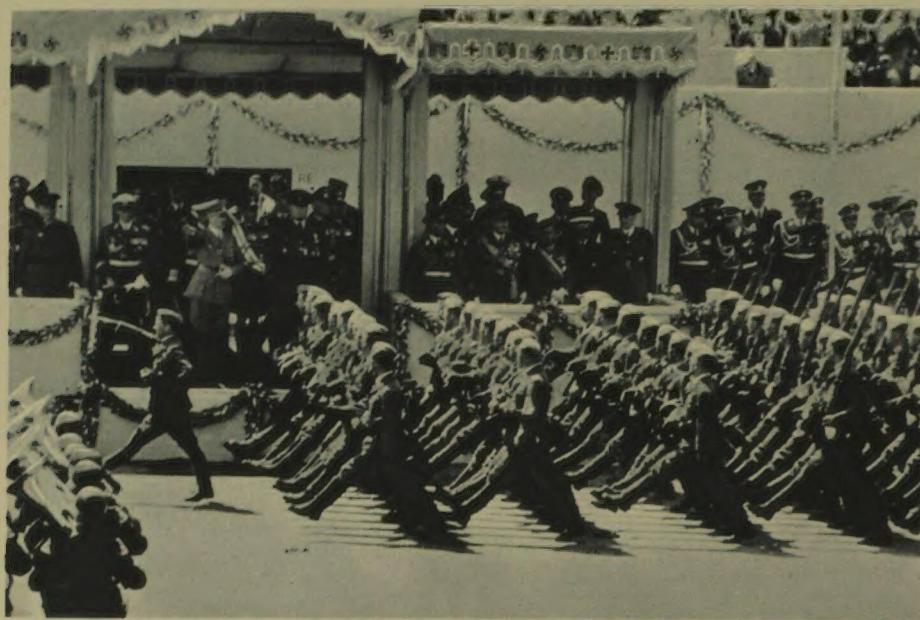
TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF THE NINETY-NINE MEN LOST ABOARD THE "THETIS": SOME OF THE MANY WREATHS TAKEN TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER ABOARD THE "HEBE." (Keystone.)

destroyers "Codrington" and "Basilisk." The service was conducted by the Rev. G. H. Crouch, Chaplain of the Submarine School at Gosport, and Father Denis Kelly read prayers for the Roman Catholics who died in the disaster. Masses of wreaths were then dropped over the stern of the "Hebe," and ratings lined up on the forecastle of the minesweeper "Seagull" fired three volleys. A bugler sounded the "Last Post," followed by the "Reveille," and the assembled ships turned away. A memorial service attended by some 25,000 people was also held in front of Birkenhead Town Hall, in St. Nicholas Parish Church at Liverpool, and at Portsmouth.



THE ADMIRALTY'S TRIBUTE: A LARGE WREATH IN THE FORM OF AN ANCHOR BEING CARRIED ABOARD THE MINESWEEPER "HEBE." (Keystone.)

## AXIS ACTIVITIES: "VOLUNTEERS" RETURN FROM SPAIN: ITALY'S NAVY DAY.

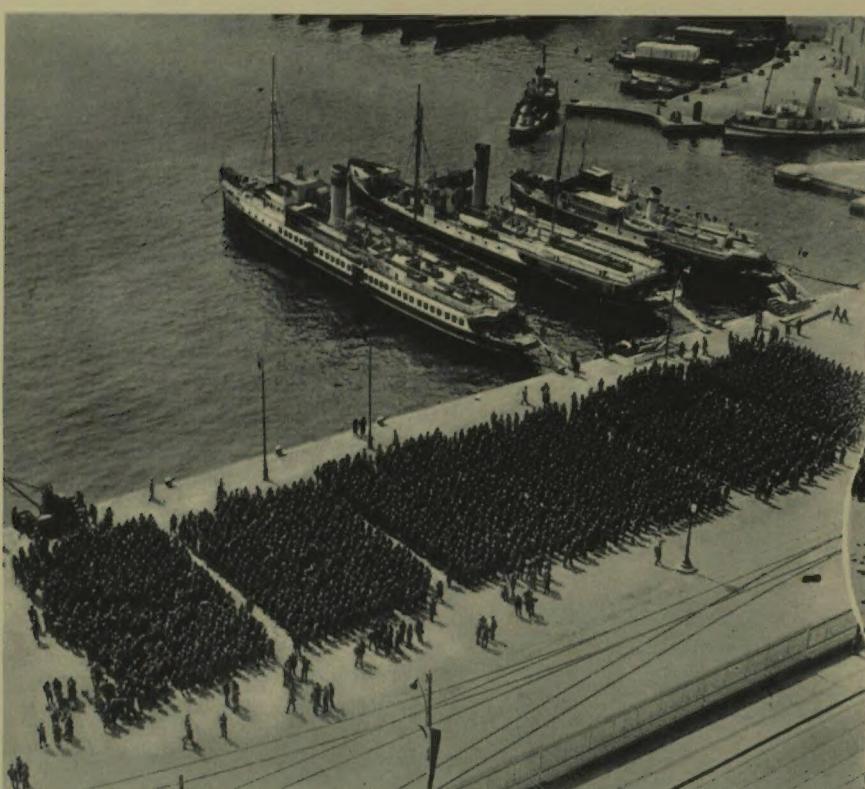


GERMAN "VOLUNTEERS" WHO FOUGHT FOR GENERAL FRANCO PARADE BEFORE HERR HITLER: THE KONDOR LEGION HEADED BY THEIR COMMANDER, GENERAL VON RICHTHOFEN.



BETWEEN LINES OF SHIELDS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES OF GERMANS KILLED IN SPAIN: HERR HITLER ADDRESSING THE KONDOR LEGION IN THE LUSTGARTEN.

"It was painful for all of us to be obliged to be silent year after year about your struggle," declared Herr Hitler in Berlin on June 6, when he addressed nearly 20,000 men of the Kondor Legion—composed of Germans who fought in Spain for General Franco. The Führer stated that in July 1936 he decided to accede to General Franco's request for help. He did this partly "out of deep sympathy for the sufferings of a land which in spite of all the blackmailing efforts of England, remained neutral and friendly with us during the World War." The men on parade, apart from 3000 sailors from the battleships "Deutschland" and "Graf Spee," and perhaps 1000 from the Army, were mainly airmen, anti-aircraft and technical personnel. The Legion was led by General von Richthofen. Standing by Herr Hitler were General Aranda, leader of the delegation of Spanish officers which was present with an Italian delegation. (Photographs by Wide World and Keystone.)



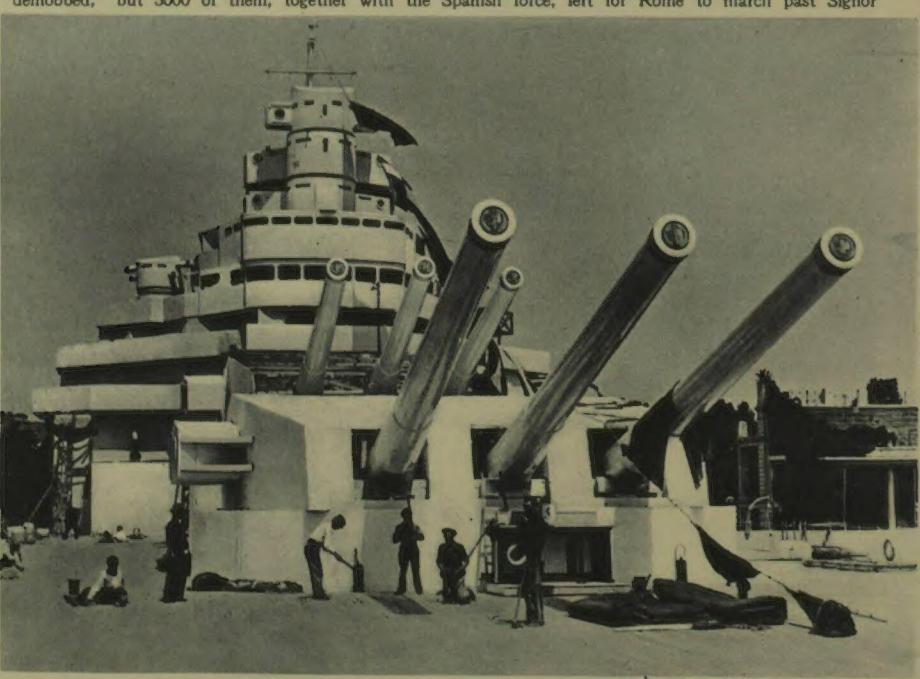
SPANISH TROOPS WHO SAILED TO ITALY WITH THE RETURNING ITALIAN "LEGIONARIES," PARADE AT NAPLES BEFORE BEING REVIEWED BY THE KING OF ITALY. (A.P.)

On June 6 King Victor Emmanuel of Italy reviewed 20,000 repatriated Italian "Legionaries" and 3000 Spanish troops at Naples. The long column of troops, which marched past with the Italian General Gambara at their head, was led by the Spanish contingent. The crowd cheered as the men strode through the flower-garlanded streets. After the parade most of the legionaries were sent off to be "demobbed," but 3000 of them, together with the Spanish force, left for Rome to march past Signor



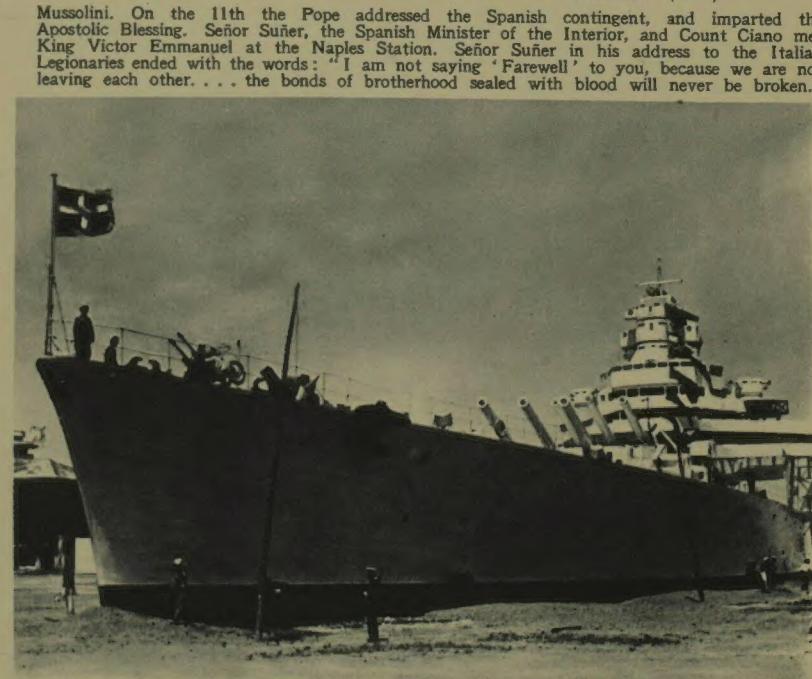
MARCHING THROUGH THE FLOWER-STREWN STREETS OF NAPLES: THE 3000 SPANISH TROOPS AND 20,000 ITALIAN "LEGIONARIES" ON PARADE. (A.P.)

Mussolini. On the 11th the Pope addressed the Spanish contingent, and imparted the Apostolic Blessing. Señor Suñer, the Spanish Minister of the Interior, and Count Ciano met King Victor Emmanuel at the Naples Station. Señor Suñer in his address to the Italian Legionaries ended with the words: "I am not saying 'Farewell' to you, because we are not leaving each other. . . . the bonds of brotherhood sealed with blood will never be broken."



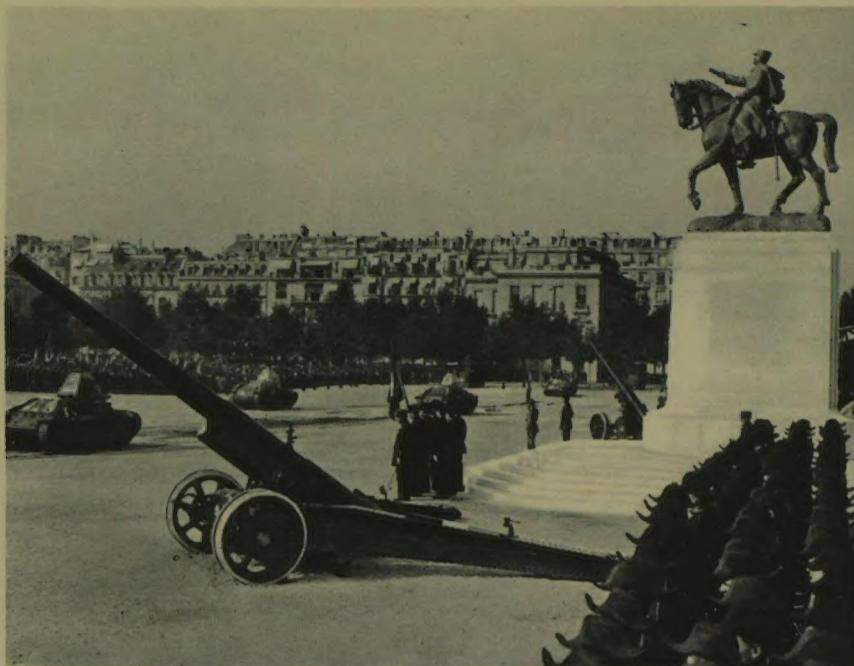
15-IN. NAVAL GUNS—THE DUMMIES MOUNTED ON THE FULL-SIZE REPRODUCTION OF THE "LITTORIO," ERECTED NEAR ROME FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY DAY, HELD ON JUNE 10.

A striking feature of Italy's first "Navy Day" was the full-size reproduction in wood, constructed on the outskirts of Rome, of the Italian battleship "Littorio." Some 20,000 sailors, marines, and naval cadets marched past Il Duce and the King of Italy along the Via del Impero, and through the Piazza Venezia. Homage was paid by the sailors at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, and medals for valour were presented to Italian sailors and marines returned from the recent fighting in Spain and

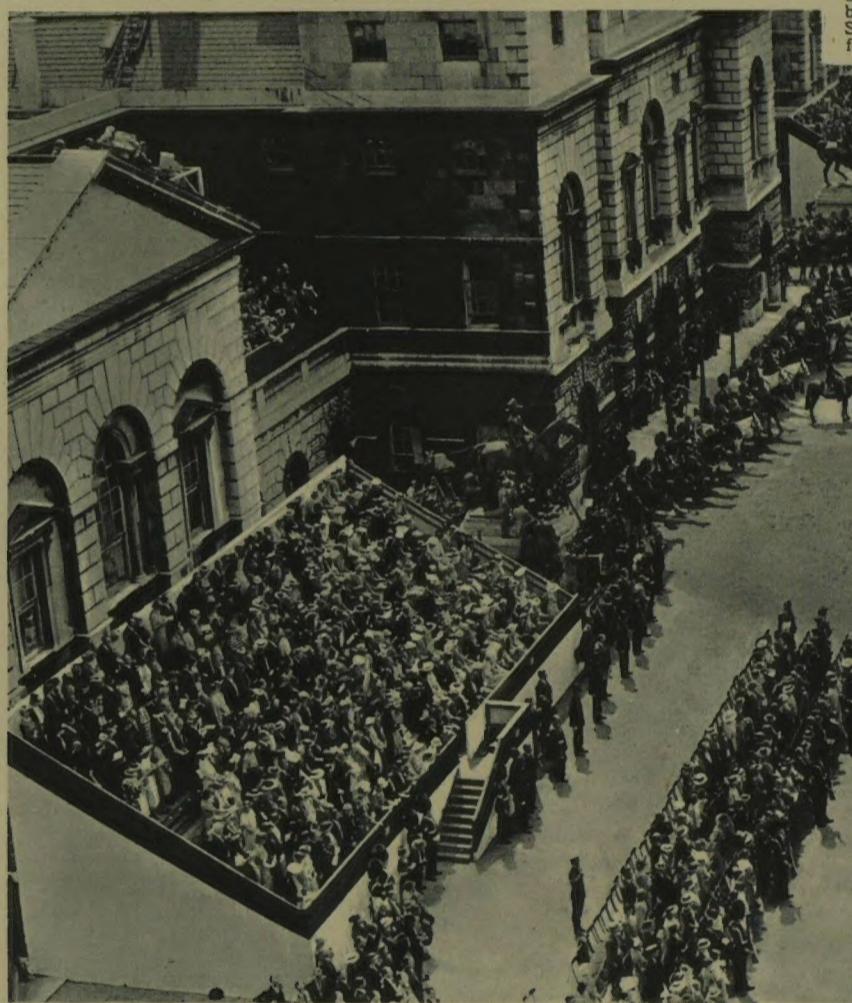


THE "LAND-BATTLESHIP" CONSTRUCTED FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY DAY: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MODEL OF THE 35,000-TON "LITTORIO," NOW COMPLETING AT GENOA.

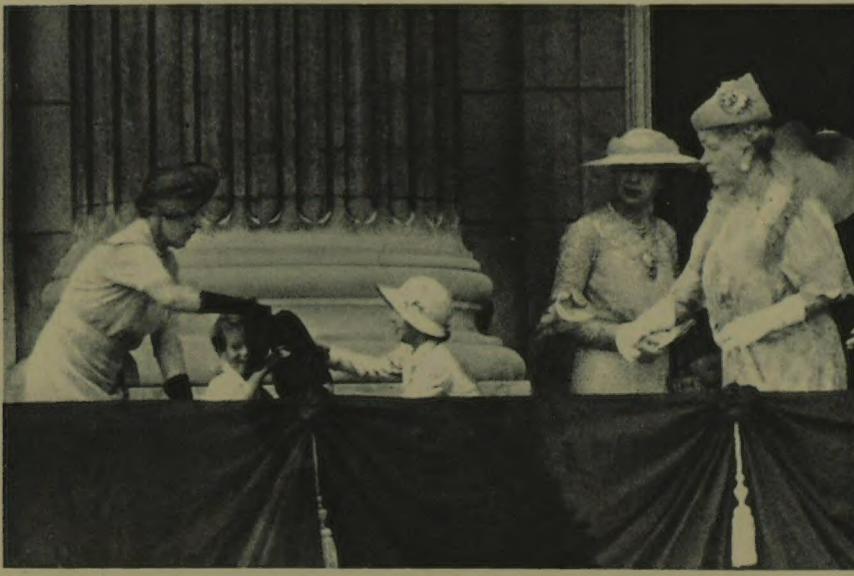
Albania. Two days previously in "Forze Armate," the official War Office organ, details were given for the first time of how the Italian Navy bombarded the Spanish coast; of the surprise landing in Majorca on August 15, 1936, to help the Nationalists drive out the Republicans, and of the transport of 100,000 Italians to Spain between December 1936 and April 1937, besides 40,000 tons of war material and 750 heavy guns. (Photographs by Wide World.)



THE VICTOR OF THE MARNE COMMEMORATED : TANKS PASSING THE STATUE OF MARSHAL JOFFRE IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS, PARIS, AFTER THE UNVEILING BY M. DALADIER. On June 11 M. Daladier, the French Premier, unveiled a statue to Marshal Joffre situated in the Champs de Mars, Paris, in front of the Ecole Militaire. Paying tribute to the memory of the victor of the Marne, M. Daladier said: "Who would not blush to be unnerved by the uncertainties of the moment when he has before him the example of that invincible faith which the victor of the Marne kept intact during the most terrible reverses?" (Planet.)



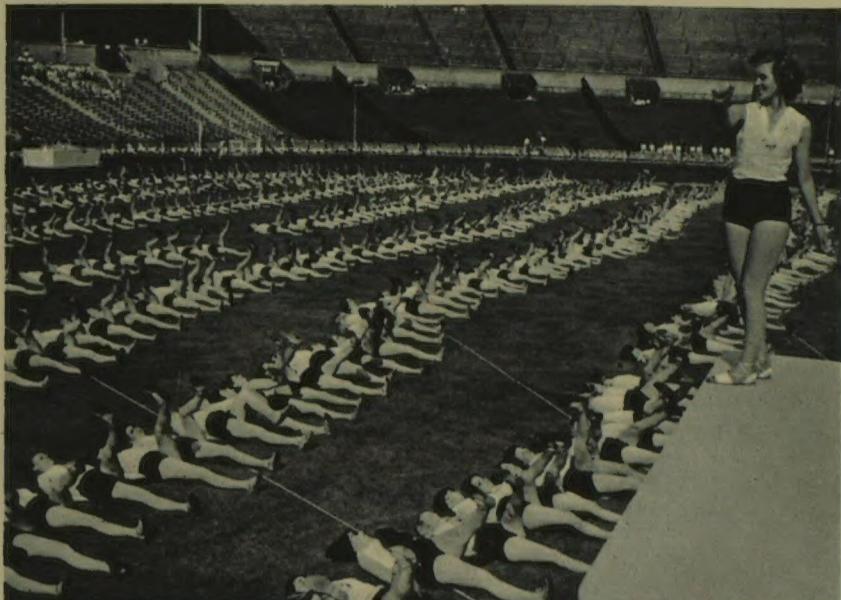
TROOPING THE COLOUR ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE IN OFFICIAL CELEBRATION OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY : THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF KENT, TAKING THE SALUTE IN HIS MAJESTY'S ABSENCE. (C.P.)



ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE : LADY MAUD CARNEGIE AND PRINCESS MARGARET PREVENTING PRINCE EDWARD FROM THROWING A CUSHION OVER. (A.P.)

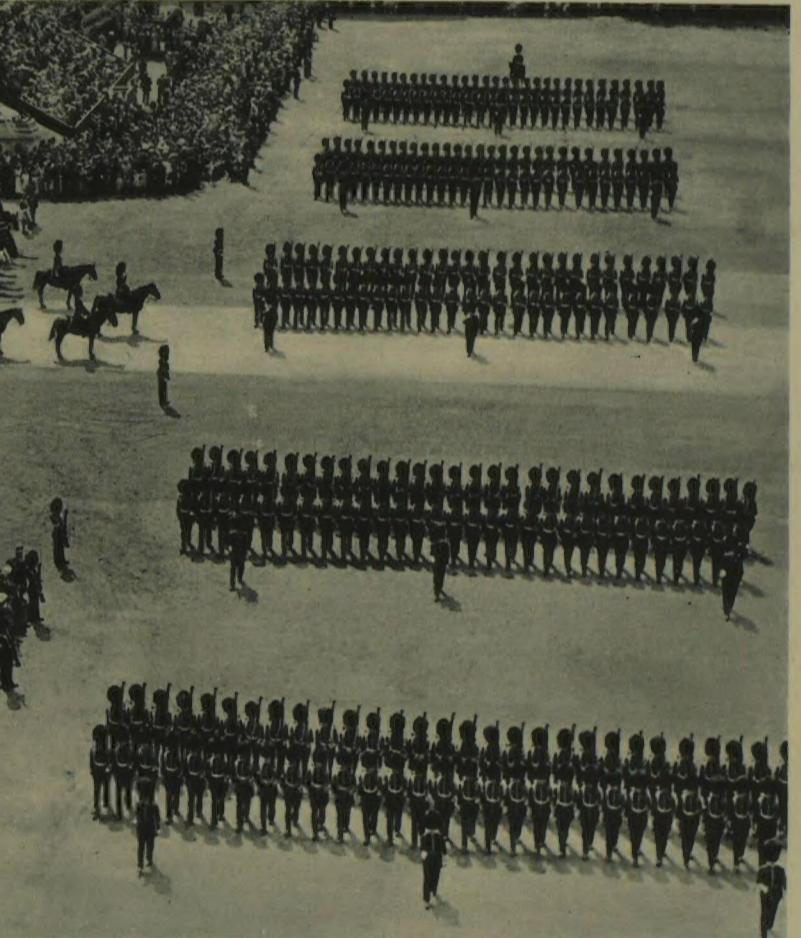
The ceremony of Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade took place on June 8. The Duke of Gloucester took the salute in his Majesty's absence. Princess Elizabeth was suffering from a slight cold and did not accompany Princess Margaret and Queen Mary, who made her first public

## ROYAL OCCASIONS AND OTHER NOTABLE EVENTS : AN UNVEILING ; TROOPING THE COLOUR, AND A DISPLAY.



REHEARSING FOR THE EMPIRE PAGEANT : LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON LEADING MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY IN EXERCISES.

On June 10 5000 members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty gave a display, described as an Empire Pageant, at the Empire Stadium, Wembley. A demonstration was given by a team of forty-eight Canadian girls, and members from Australia, Eire, New Zealand and South Africa took part in other items. Our photograph shows Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, formerly Miss Prunella Stack, leading the rehearsal which preceded the display. (Wide World.)

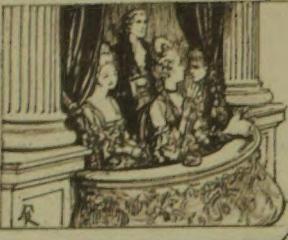


QUEEN MARY'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE HER MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT : HER MAJESTY LEAVING HORSE GUARDS PARADE WITH PRINCESS MARGARET. (Fox.)

appearance since her motor-car accident on May 23. An amusing incident occurred while the Royal Party were watching the Duke of Gloucester take the salute on the return to Buckingham Palace. Prince Edward attempted to throw a cushion over the balcony and had to be restrained.

# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.



## SALUTE TO METHUSELISM.

THE author of "Back to Methuselah," that vast dramatic summons to longevity, will himself be eighty-three next month. None has more effectively practised what he preached than George Bernard Shaw. His argument has been that, since age brings experience, knowledge and wisdom, the hope for the human race is to prolong its life

might have shocked, as radical and reckless, the dingy minds of the dull Edwardians, but to the brisk youth of Sixth-Georgian times it was just a bunch of "bromides," as flat as a calm sea, as obvious and as antiquated as a leading article on the pleasures of Christmas.

That pose has been made to seem extremely foolish by the course of recent events. Mr. Shaw is the dramatist of the year. I do not mean that he is the fashionable dramatist and packs the twelve-and-sixpennies. To managements relying on the sale of expensive stalls he is a danger; but in theatres where the appeal is to the middle-class purse and a decent seat is available from six shillings down to one, he seems to be the best investment in London. His "Geneva," that rattling political harlequinade, has outlived international crises and changes of address. It was produced in town last autumn, after its Malvern trial, and has been running ever since. Meanwhile, the rush for Shaw revivals has been remarkable. The Old Vic revived "Man and Superman," the Westminster "Candida" and "The Doctor's Dilemma," and the Embassy "Pygmalion." The latter two proved so popular that the former had to be transferred to the Whitehall, and the latter, with similar encouragement, was promoted to the first theatre in London, the Haymarket.

It is indeed singular that those who dismissed G.B.S. as an aged babbler and buffoon should have so signally failed to take his place as dramatic guides to the forward-looking and the left-ward thinking. The world of our time is seething with conflicts of idea as well as of race and of class, and conflict is the essence of drama. Mr. Ashley Dukes, himself a devoted servant of what might be called a radical theatre, and once its dramatist, has just described Mr. Shaw's regained sovereignty as

"a tribute to downright intellectual authority." He adds: "However perverse his politics, Shaw has a claim to write of what is now happening before our eyes; and here he stands as good as alone. The efforts of the younger playwrights to express themselves on world questions are pitiable." He concludes: "It is the old story of the drama of events eclipsing the drama of the theatre; and maybe the venerable mind of Shaw is the only one capable of envisaging the process clearly and heartlessly enough." Mr. Dukes' last words allude, no doubt, to the allegation that "Geneva" is a play about terrible people who do terrible things, and that it lacks compassion for the victims of the terror. Mr. Shaw would presumably reply that you cannot cram everything into the two or three hours' traffic of the stage, and that, if his reputation as a humanitarian is not established by now, it is not for want of previous labours on humanity's behalf.

One reason, I am sure, for Mr. Shaw's continued primacy in our theatre has been the fact that he prefers good prose to bad poetry and common-sense methods of stating a concrete case to fantastic methods of suggesting abstractions. The Expressionist technique has totally failed to impress the ordinary English playgoer, whose taste is for the human, the individual, and the realistic. That is to say, we want to hear about a John Smith who happens to be an engineer and not about an engineer who might be called Smith. The Expressionist takes the First Engineer, knocks all personality out of him, gives him the dress and dialogue of a bloodless abstraction, and asks us to be excited by this manifestation of sociology.

The English answer is that this is not sensible or true sociology. John Smith is both Smith and Engineer, and you will never understand the British Labour Movement until that duality is grasped. The so-called Scientific Socialists never have comprehended British Socialism just for that reason. They think in alien terms of economic forces alone, whereas English Socialists think in terms of people as well and realise that the British workers are sentient moral agents who may be as much influenced by a line of the Bible or of Burns as by a cut in wages.

Mr. Shaw's great strength has been his refusal to be hustled by the Expressionists into writing plays about abstractions and types and economic forces. His characters are highly individualised. They are thus, as a rule, interesting and amusing to the ordinary playgoer, who is bored by the sufferings and aspirations of the Expressionist's anonymous engineers, capitalists, labourers, financiers, and all the rest of the types outlined in shadow. Take the case of "Pygmalion," which has recently been so successful as a film and is now at the Haymarket. Think what the Expressionist playwright would have made of the *Dustman*. The fellow would have been just a proletarian atom of the social economy, stating his grievance as though he were a pamphlet. The G.B.S. *Dustman* is a terrifically vital creation. Doolittle is no fragment of economic law, but one of the English drama's great comic characters. He is a person, not a pamphlet. When our Left Wingers begin to fashion such grand characters they can begin to call G.B.S. a back number. But I see no sign of their even beginning to be thus wisely and wittily creative. For instruction in the art of writing plays let them go "Back to Methuselah" in every sense and aspect.



"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," WITH WHICH THE SEVENTH ANNUAL SEASON AT THE OPEN AIR THEATRE IN REGENT'S PARK OPENED: A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S FAMOUS COMEDY. The first play at the Open Air Theatre this year, "Much Ado About Nothing," began its fortnight's run on June 3. It is produced by Robert Atkins, and the cast includes Cathleen Nesbitt as Beatrice, D. A. Clarke Smith as Benedick, and Sylvia Coleridge as Ursula. (*Topical*.)

by exercising the will to live, instead of capitulating at the Biblical limit of three score years and ten. Evolution being creative, not determined, a matter of volition, not of accident, let us settle down to longer living in order that we may achieve better thinking and better conduct. Life, to the lover of night's pleasures, may be said to begin at 8.30. For the Methuselist it begins at eighty years. Then one has had time to look around, to learn from history, and so to start living with an acquired science of the way to live.

Age slows some people down. Certainly not our senior playwright. Mr. Shaw had a new play ready for the Malvern Festival last year and will have another, called "The Glorious Days of Good King Charles," ready for this August, when Malvern resummons its faithful to the playhouse on the hillside. Even the prolific Mr. Bridie, from whom ideas descend as plentiful as springs and freshets from the flanks of his neighbour Grampians, does not greatly outstrip the creativity of the octogenarian Shaw. Not only is G.B.S. the veteran dramatist of our time: he is the favourite. A year or two ago I was accustomed to hear young people aver that G.B.S. was no use to them. His Fabianism was so much fogeyism. His famous Anarchist's Handbook, attached to "Man and Superman,"

aged babbler and buffoon should have so signally failed to take his place as dramatic guides to the forward-looking and the left-ward thinking. The world of our time is seething with conflicts of idea as well as of race and of class, and conflict is the essence of drama.

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"TO KILL A CAT," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE: THE GARDENER (JOHN SALEW) INTERRUPTS THE GAME OF BRIDGE WITH THE NEWS THAT HIS DAUGHTER IS ILL—LILIAN PROUST (ENID STAMP TAYLOR) INSISTS ON FINISHING THE RUBBER; (RIGHT) MARK PROUST (JOHN LONGDEN).

"To Kill a Cat" concerns a household whose mistress (Enid Stamp Taylor) is a domineering character who refuses to allow Dr. Raikes to break up a game of bridge to tend the gardener's stricken daughter. Her husband is in love with the secretary (Margareta Scott); her brother-in-law (Clifford Mollison) is a ne'er-do-well. Mrs. Proust, the mistress of the house, dies; suspicion falls on most of the cast, for almost everyone had a reason for murdering her. (*Baron*.)



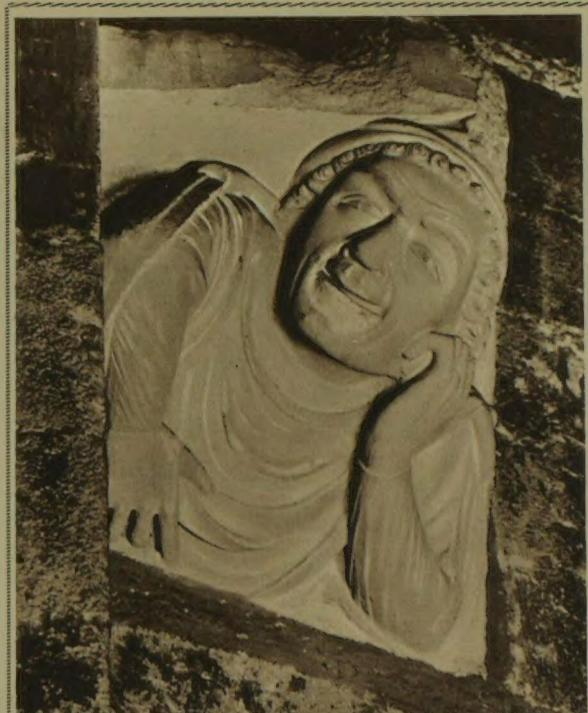
THE LAST SCENE FROM "TO KILL A CAT": DR. RAIKES (J. H. ROBERTS) CONFESSES (UNTRUTHFULLY) TO HAVING POISONED LILIAN; (LEFT TO RIGHT) MARK PROUST (JOHN LONGDEN), HIS SON, ESMOND (GREY BLAKE), AND STELLA MARTIN (ELIZABETH GILBERT)—RUTH HENLEY, THE SECRETARY (MARGARETA SCOTT), BEING PARTLY HIDDEN BETWEEN MARK AND ESMOND.

## RARELY SEEN SCULPTURES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY:

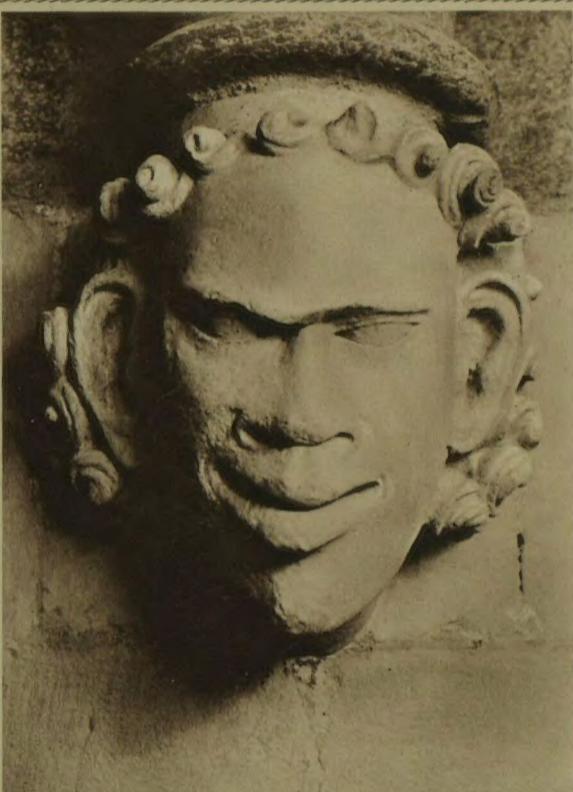
THE BEAUTY AND THE HUMOUR OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CARVINGS  
OF WHOSE EXISTENCE MOST VISITORS KNOW NOTHING.



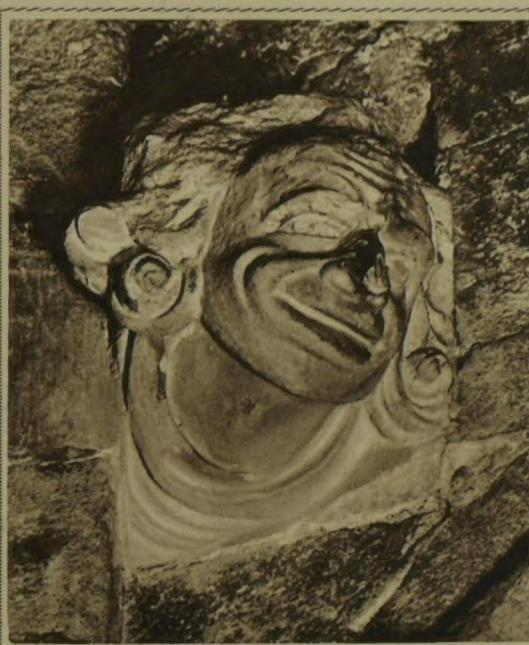
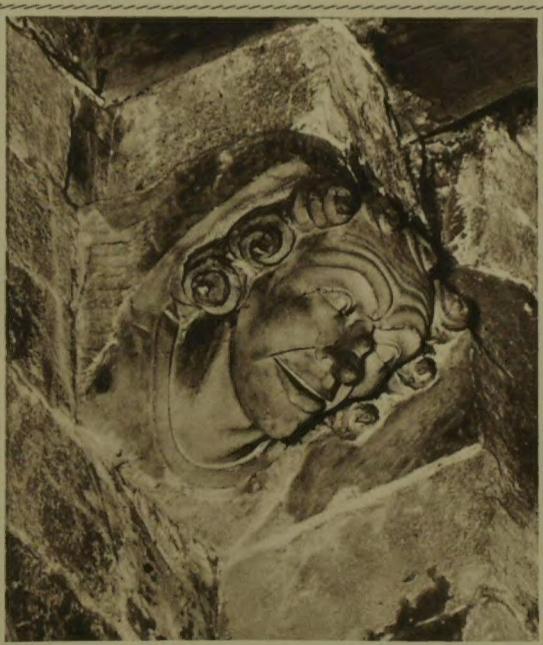
THE EXQUISITE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FIGURE OF A CENSING ANGEL IN THE SOUTH TRANSEPT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: ONE OF THE LITTLE-KNOWN BEAUTIES OF THE CARVINGS REVEALED IN ALL THEIR FULLNESS BY RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK.



A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CARVING OF A CRAFTSMAN IN THE TRIFORIUM.



A MASTERSLY EVOCATION OF AN EVIL ASIATIC FACE—ONE OF A VERY FINE SERIES IN ST. FAITH'S CHAPEL.



THREE OF THE WONDERFUL THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SCULPTURES PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. HOWGRAVE-GRAHAM IN THE ABBEY, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF CORONATION STRUCTURES AND SCAFFOLDING ERECTED FOR REPAIR WORK: "THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN NOSE" (LEFT); A LAUGHING YOUTH; AND A LAUGHING MAN.

The photographs on this page are examples from the collection of more than 300 to be exhibited June 20-27 in Westminster Abbey library. They were taken by Mr. Howgrave-Graham, who is already known to our readers for his successful restoration of the figure of Lord Edward le Despenser at Tewkesbury, illustrated in colour in our issue of May 27, and of "Jack Southwold," illustrated by us on January 16, 1937. Mr. Howgrave-Graham, as official photographer to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey for the Coronation celebrations, had unique opportunities for obtaining unusual views and of recording hidden

sculpture and even of unknown details, and scaffolding used in the process of cleaning and repair has since made it possible to continue the work. The exhibition of these photographs will also contain details of early monuments and examples of the results of cleaning and polishing, and masterly portraits in stone, in addition to caricatures of the thirteenth-century masons, dragons, animals, and exquisite foliage. There are many studies of the censing angels in the transepts, and numerous bosses which, though invisible from the ground, exhibit carving of unsurpassed beauty.

## THE AFTERTHOUGHTS OF A NAVAL DIVER.

**"TWENTY YEARS UNDER THE OCEAN": By H. J. BRUCE.\***

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

**T**HREE was a Victorian song, popular with the sort of basses who favoured "In Cellar Cool" and "Down among the Dead Men," of which the refrain—I think—ran: "How lonely the life of the Diver must be, Walking alone in the depths of the sea." Various novelists have enlarged on the theme, but I do not remember that, until now, a professional diver has written his autobiography. Mr. Bruce, however, now retired, has taken the plunge into these unaccustomed waters, and what he has brought up was well worth the salving.

People have all sorts of reasons for going to sea; Mr. Bruce took his decision because, *inter alia*, he thought that discipline in the Navy would be less rigid than that in his Oxford home, with upright and devout, but all too stern parents, who treated him as a child when he was a grown young blacksmith. At twenty-one, strong, well-built, an expert at his craft, sociable, and talented with voice, organ and cornet, he met a sailor in one of those public-houses upon which his father frowned, was told the Navy wanted blacksmiths, and, two days afterwards, was in Whitehall.

He had not been in the Service long before there was a call for volunteers to become divers, with "an extra sixpence a day pay, plus extra money for time actually spent under water." He gaily took it on, not realising that any job for which the Army or Navy asks for volunteers has its drawbacks: he certainly had to earn his extra sixpence.

The first time he went down he had a foretaste. He had himself hauled up double-quick, for he thought that a marine monster, in those muddy green depths, was attacking him; it turned out to have been merely his instructor, but the sensations were none the better for that. He immediately went down again; not so, apparently, a colleague among the novices. "There was another fellow who actually made his first descent without protest, but when he came up announced that he was through.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" they asked him.

"Tell you what," said he. "I've always been a good workman, as anyone will tell you. But if I'm going to work, I've got to spit on my hands from time to time, and how the hell can I do that down there in all that water?"

Thenceforward (though he was also everything from blacksmith to social secretary) Mr. Bruce was a Naval diver, employed on a multiplicity of jobs—salving ships and stores, effecting repairs, once wandering among coral reefs to find an Admiral's dropped telescope. He served in home waters, in the Mediterranean, in the Persian Gulf, off the coasts of Ceylon and Africa, in peace and war; even carrying on underwater work while the Turks were shelling his ship above him. He has naturally had (he would scarcely be a plausible diver otherwise) his knife-slashing affrays with shark and octopus, though the fish that gave him his biggest fright was neither. It was a cod off Invergordon!—"just a cod—the sort of fellow you devour at your dinner-tables with mashed potatoes and parsley-sauce. Only this chap happened to be, at a rough estimate, some twenty feet long, and had a mouth and a set of teeth that would have made the average crocodile look silly!" Cod are very ferocious; Mr. Bruce was saved by being paralysed with fright; the monster, after a long stare through his windows, whisked off.

There are worse horrors than this in the book. Mr. Bruce has walked among the bodies of drowned men. There was a whole crowd of soldiers off Gallipoli, strewn in odd attitudes. From one curly-headed boy, lying as if asleep, the diver took a girl's photograph,

still with an address on it, and returned it to her, with due suppression of circumstances. Yet, for sheer eeriness, he says that drowned ships excel drowned men. He went down in Scapa Flow, looking for a lost anchor, when he found himself amid the sunken German fleet. "It was an extraordinary sensation to walk on the ocean bed amongst those ships, with their rusted sides seeming to tower up into infinity itself, and the fish swimming in and out through the open ports high above one's head. I have been in peaceful death-chambers; have seen corpses of those slain in battle lying about me in

old-fashioned punishment of 'shot-drill,' when men were set to picking up heavy shot from a pile on one side of a yard, piling it up neatly on the other side, and then bringing it all back to its original spot again."

Mr. Bruce's chapters on diving equipment and technique give a notion of the difficulties, too seldom apprehended, which beset the diver and make work for him often slow and sometimes impossible. Mud is a great bane; currents complicate things so that a diver may even find the top part of his body trying to drift one way and the lower part being swept another way. Danger always exists; but a great deal of the work is dull and laborious; he can excite us with stories of octopi and sunken ships, but there is little to be said about eight hours at a stretch at sawing through metal, and that is the sort of job a diver is most often called upon to do.

After over twenty years of service, C.P.O. Bruce retired and, like many a sociable sailor, took a tavern in the town. He is a "mixer," an excellent story-teller, and the sort of man to whom things happen; I hope he will flourish long enough in his new vocation to produce a companion volume, "Twenty Years on Dry Land"—though the word "dry" must, of course, be subject to qualification. And certainly, if he talks in his bar as attractively as he writes, he will be as effective a recruiter as that sailor whom he met, so long ago, in a similar place at Oxford, when there had been no Great War, and Lord Nuffield (whom he knew) was running a local bicycle shop. The Navy does not change: "The Navy," as Admiral Tyrwhitt says, "which has always been the principal defence and stand-by of our island nation, and which, despite mechanical progress and the so-called 'conquest of the air,' will, I believe, always remain so."

The Navy's defensive rôle does not alter; nor does its cheerful spirit. Steel has replaced wood; oil has replaced wind; wireless and films are commonplace; sailors are largely mechanicians; the Navy is familiar with all sorts of waves besides the rolling ones, though "A Life on the Wireless Wave" has still to be composed for the Marine Bands. But there is no modification of the old cheerfulness and simple delight in treats and jokes, nor has the individuality of the sailor been crushed at all. Some passages of Mr. Bruce's could, with little alteration, be transplanted to the pages of the timeless Marryat. This is notably so with the chapter on the butcher's armadillo.

It opens with the words: "Aboard the 'Endeavour' we had a mania for pets. There was hardly anyone aboard who hadn't a pet of some kind, so that what with monkeys, parrots, snakes, and what-not, the place was more like a menagerie than one of His Majesty's ships." Returning from weeks of under-water cable-saving work, Mr. Bruce found the party strengthened by what he calls a Great Armadillo. It was rather too much. It climbed the wireless mast and three men had to hang on to its tail to bring it down; it ate the officers' snakes; it haunted the hammocks at night, a thing of dread; it wrecked its cage; and when fastened by its armour (Mr. Bruce did a smith's job on this) to a staple, it tore the staple out. Finally it had to be gassed. "The butcher, however, grieved for his pet. He had the remains stuffed and mounted, and eventually took them home with him. His one regret was that the local taxidermist could not mount the creature with its tongue extended. As he said to me: 'There's something in sticking your tongue out at someone if you've got one like that, isn't there?'"

What on earth a Giant or any other Armadillo was doing on the West Coast of Africa I do not know—they are purely American beasts. But sailors, like love, will "find out a way."



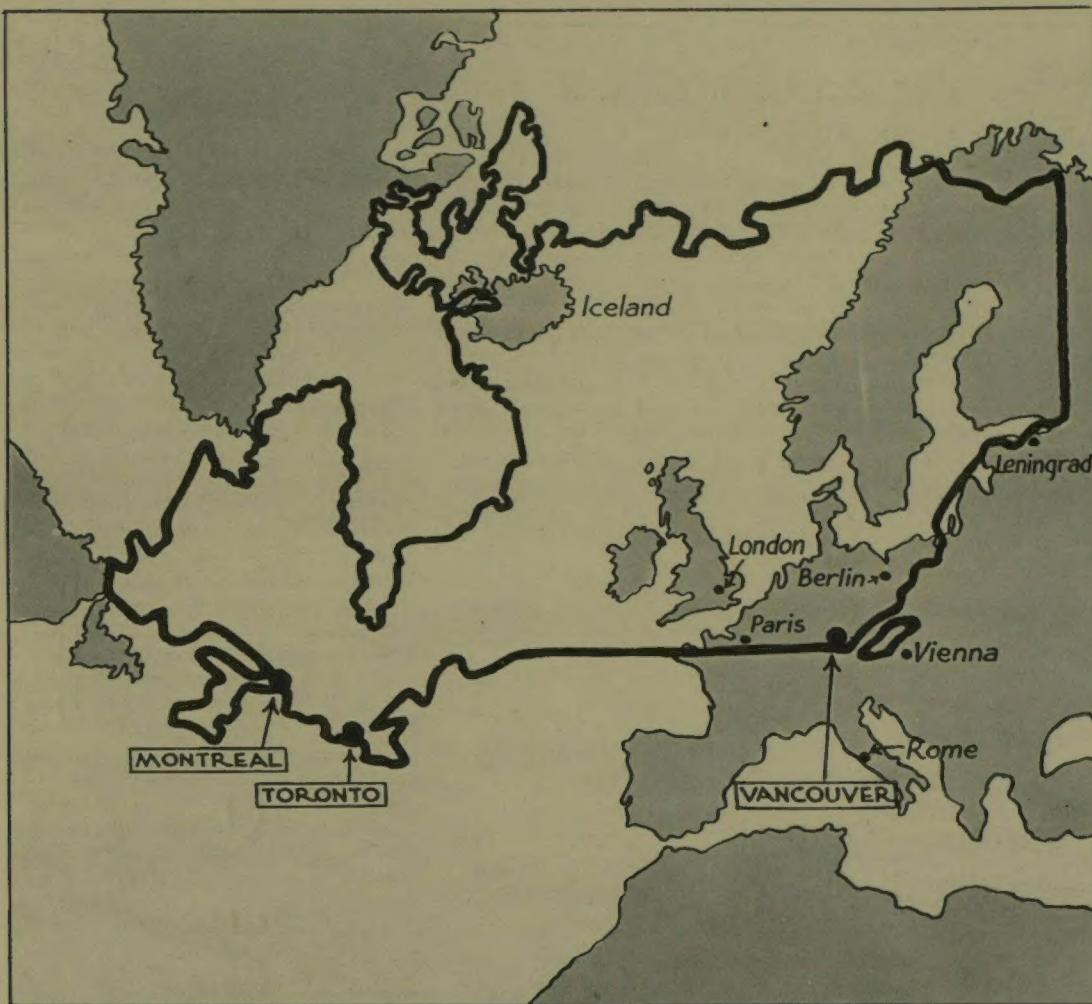
THE VISIT OF GENERAL GAMELIN, GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING THE FRENCH ARMIES, TO ENGLAND, WHEN HE ATTENDED THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO AND THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT SANDHURST, WITH LORD GORT (LEFT) AND MAJOR-GENERAL EASTWOOD, COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

General Gamelin, who was appointed "General Officer Commanding the French Armies" on the day of his departure, arrived in London on June 6 for a short visit. He had the unusual honour of being met at the station by the Chiefs of Staffs of all the three British Services—Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, General Viscount Gort, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, in uniform. On June 7 General Gamelin visited Sandhurst with Lord Gort; inspected many of the Army's latest armoured fighting vehicles and up-to-date weapons; and, later, attended the Aldershot Tattoo, where he was given a great reception by the audience, and took the salute. On June 8 he saw the Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade. Afterwards he attended a Government luncheon, and on June 9 he visited Lord Chatfield, Minister for Co-ordination of Defence. He returned to France the same day. (A.P.)

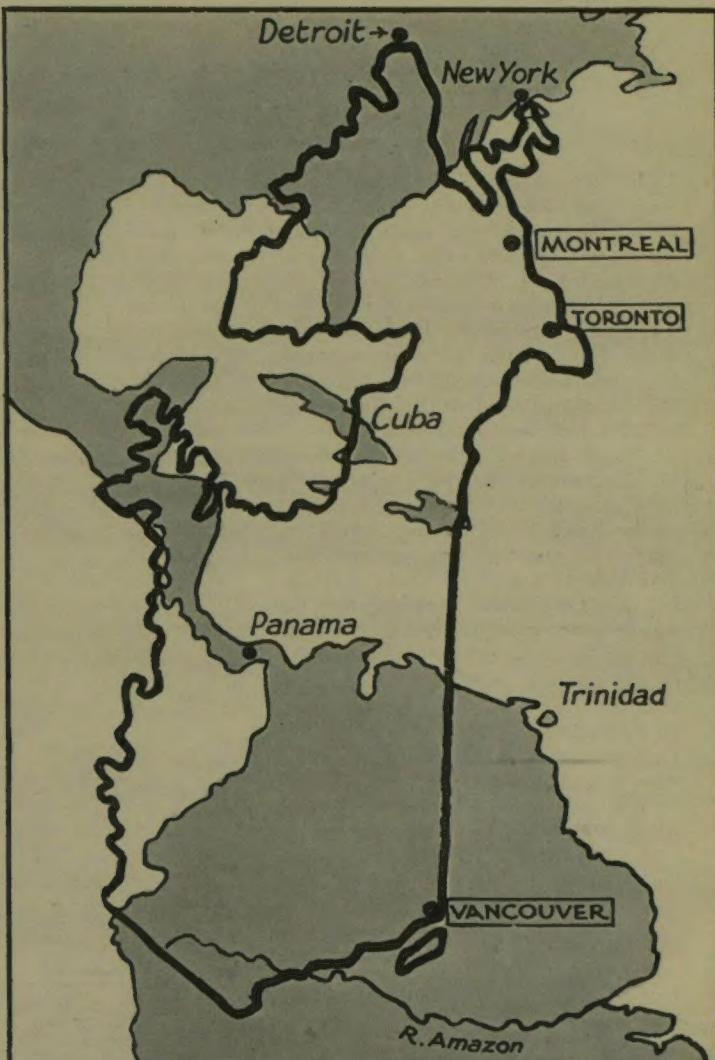
heaps; have walked in graveyards and cemeteries—but never have I had such an impression of death as I got when I was wandering alone (and I think one never feels quite so alone as one does in diving-rig at the bottom of the sea) amongst those immobile and rotting, but once so active mechanical giants of the surface. I have had nightmare dreams of it many times since then."

It may have been partly that feeling for the animate ship which made doubly distasteful the work of repairing the "Agamemnon," which was fitted up with electrical controls which enabled her to be used as a steered, crewless target for the Fleet. It was "a weird, an uncanny sight" to see her steaming about, without a soul on board, being "battered to blazes" by her old companions, but it was deadly patching her up, knowing that she was doomed to more of it. "To be continually working, patching and repairing, knowing all the time that the following day the damage would be done all over again—well, it was singularly irritating and demoralising. I should imagine it was rather like the torture of the

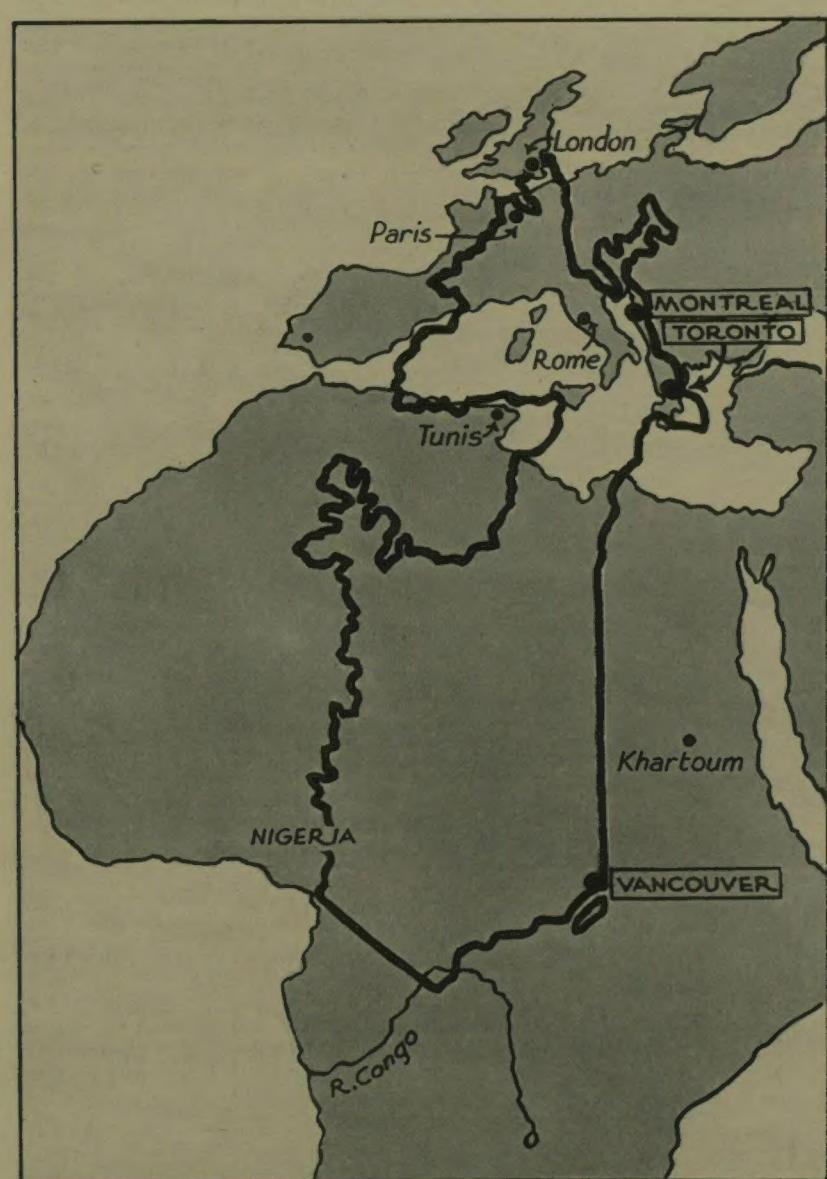
## A STRENUOUS ROYAL TOUR: COMPARISONS OF THE DISTANCE ACROSS CANADA



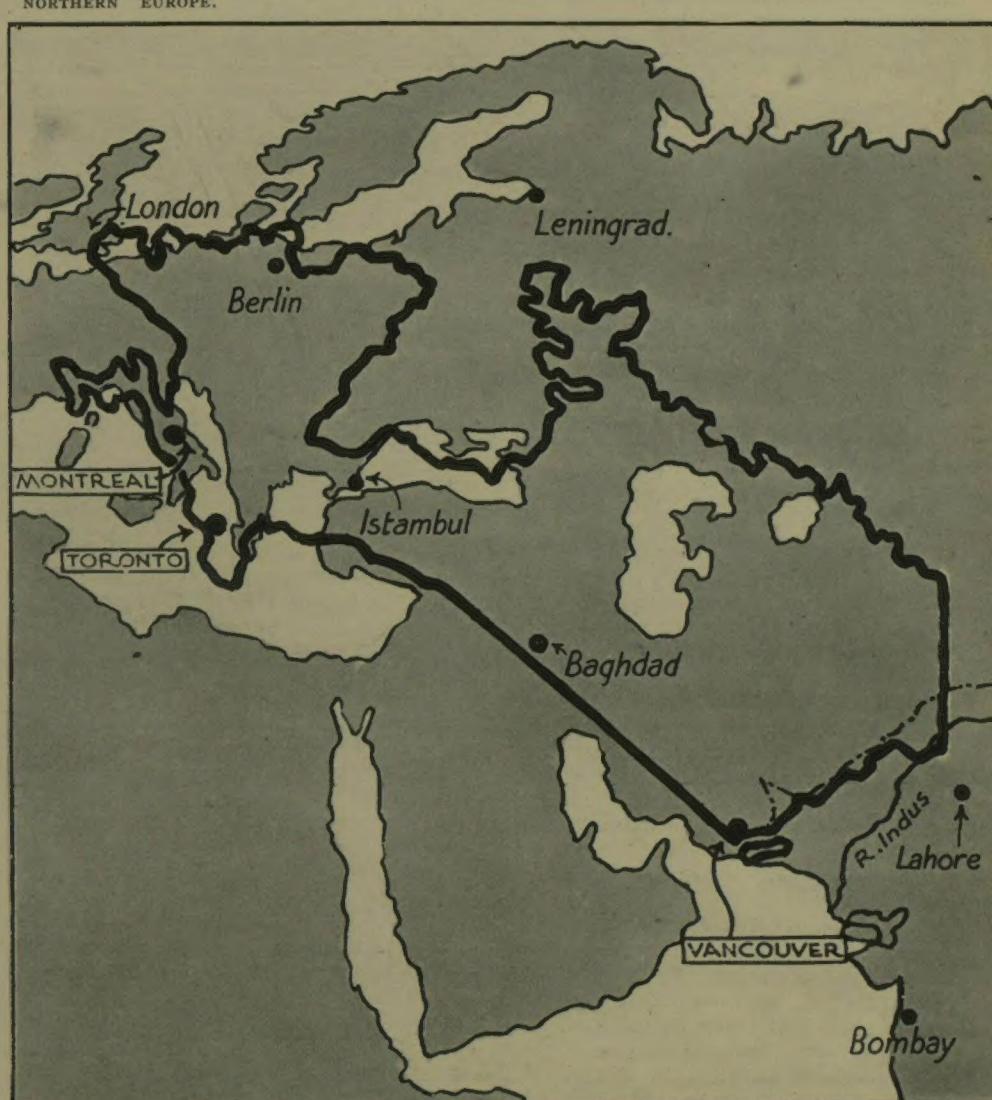
AN IMPRESSIVE GEOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE IMMENSITY OF THE DOMINION WHICH THEIR MAJESTIES HAVE JUST CROSSED FROM SEA TO SEA: CANADA SO VAST THAT WERE IT BENT OVER EASTWARD, USING THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD AS A HINGE, IT WOULD COVER THE WHOLE ATLANTIC OCEAN AND NORTHERN EUROPE.



SO VAST THAT IT WOULD EXTEND FROM THE GREAT LAKES SOUTHWARD TO THE AMAZON: ANOTHER GEOGRAPHICAL COMPARISON, SHOWING CANADA SUPERIMPOSED UPON AMERICA.



STRETCHING FROM LONDON TO THE CONGO: THE AREA OF CANADA COMPARED WITH THE OLD WORLD—THE MEDITERRANEAN FORMING LITTLE MORE THAN A BELT IN THE LOCALITY OF ONTARIO.



SHOWING HOW THEIR MAJESTIES IN CROSSING CANADA TRAVELED THE EQUIVALENT OF A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO INDIA OVERLAND: THE OUTLINE OF THE DOMINION SUPERIMPOSED ON EUROPE AND ASIA.

The vast size of the Dominion which their Majesties have just crossed from sea to sea was vividly brought out by some words of Lord Tweedsmuir's quoted by Mr. Arthur Bryant in our issue of May 27, pointing out that if Canada were to be bent over eastwards, using the Atlantic seaboard as a hinge, it would cover all the North Atlantic and Northern Europe. It has occurred to us that some further geographical comparisons of this order would be of interest. They afford a concrete demonstration of the vast extent and resources of the British Empire. By the standards

of size of this huge Dominion, Western Europe is a mere province. For the sake of simplicity, Labrador has been included in the area of Canada, in the maps on this page, although actually, of course, it is dependent on Newfoundland. The upper map is upon Mercator's projection; but the other three upon an interrupted Mollweide projection. This has the virtue of keeping the proportion of areas exact in all parts, although the shape of the land masses appears distorted in places. In this way a fair comparison of areas in the different parts of the globe is assured.

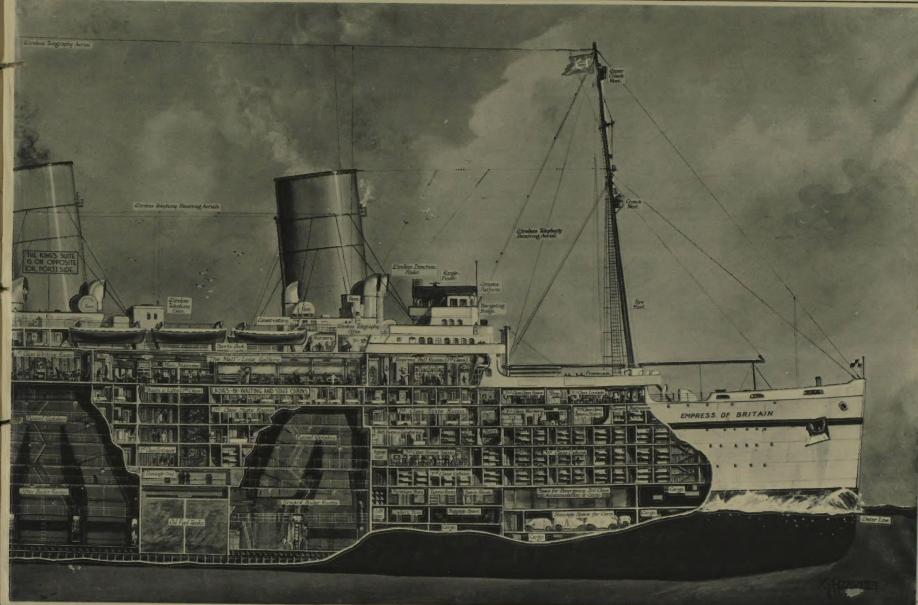
## A "ROYAL YACHT" FOR THEIR MAJESTIES' RETURN TO

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS; PHOTOGRAPHS



## ENGLAND: THE SUITES IN THE "EMPEROR OF BRITAIN."

BY COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.



THE LARGEST AND MOST MODERN CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER, WHICH IS SERVING AS A ROYAL YACHT, BEING ENTIRELY RESERVED FOR THE ROYAL PARTY ON THEIR MAJESTIES' RETURN FROM CANADA: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF THE "EMPEROR OF BRITAIN," SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE ROYAL APARTMENTS; AND THE FLAGS WORN ON THIS OCCASION (THE ADMIRALTY FLAG BEING AT THE FOREMAST AND THE ROYAL STANDARD AT THE MAINMAST).



THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM IN THE "EMPEROR OF BRITAIN"; RICHLY PANNELED IN A RESTFUL STYLE.

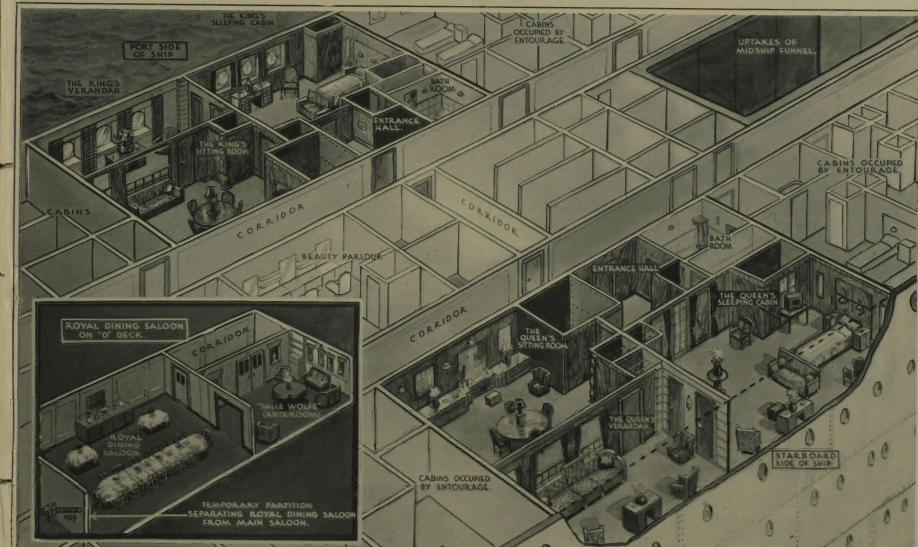


THE KING'S BEDROOM; AND (BELOW, LEFT) THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM, FORMED BY PARTITIONING OFF A PART OF THE LINER'S MAIN DINING-SALOON.

VERY little alteration has been necessary to convert the Canadian liner "Empress of Britain" to provide apartments for the return journey of the King and Queen from Canada. The main dining room (the "Salle Jacques Cartier"), however, is so spacious that a portion has been partitioned off, making a dining-room of moderate size for the royal party. One of the private dining-rooms (the "Salle Wolfe") forms an ante-room to the royal dining room. Two chairs have been specially made for the King and Queen. Their Majesties will occupy the two finest suites in the ship—each consisting of bedroom, sitting-room, and veranda, with bath-room and service accommodation. They are situated amidships on "A" deck. The King's apartments are on the port side of the ship and the Queen's on the starboard side. This is a reversal from the arrangement in

(Continued opposite.)

the "Empress of Australia," and has been made so that the Queen may have the "sunny" side. Beautiful and costly woods have been used in the construction of the royal suites. In the sitting-rooms quarter-round tables reveal the perfection of polished and beautiful grain in their surfaces. Quiet luxury is evident throughout. The verandas of the royal suites are in lighter-toned woods, polished to reveal their beauty of surface and grain, or dull-finished where this gives a finer effect. In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the "Empress of Britain," the flagship of the Canadian Pacific Fleet, is the largest and fastest vessel on the St. Lawrence River, being 42,000 tons, almost exactly twice as much as the "Empress of Australia," in which their Majesties went out to Canada.



THE ROYAL APARTMENTS IN THE "EMPEROR OF BRITAIN": A SECTIONAL DRAWING OF THE ADAPTED SUITES ON "A" DECK (THE QUEEN'S BEING ON THE STARBOARD SIDE); AND (INSET) THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM, FORMED BY PARTITIONING OFF PART OF THE SHIP'S GREAT FIRST-CLASS DINING-SALOON (THE "SALLE JACQUES CARTIER"), THE "SALLE WOLFE" BEING USED AS AN ANTE-ROOM.

# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"ORGANS OF EXTREME PERFECTION."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE problem presented by "organs of extreme perfection," of which so many are to be found both among plants and animals, in a large number of instances still awaits solution. For we have no nascent forecasts, either in the embryonic or the adult stages, to guide us. The horse's foot may be cited as a good example of an "organ of extreme perfection." But here we are able to trace its path of progress with ease and certainty, partly by the aid of a very marvellous series of evolutionary stages furnished by the fossil ancestors of the horse, and partly by a study of the developing embryo. We could begin the story with its earliest ancestors, tiny animals with a five-toed foot. But it will suffice to start with a later stage wherein the toes have been reduced to three, the middle one the longest. As this increased in size, owing to the fact that it had to bear a greater and greater share in supporting the weight of the body, the two lateral toes, from lack of use and decline in vigour, gradually decreased, and finally disappeared, leaving only a simple rod on each side of the "cannon-bone" to form what is known as the "splint." The horse's foot, in this way, became an "organ of extreme perfection" since it is perfectly adjusted to the function it has to perform.

The record of the wonderful transformation which the horse's foot has undergone we owe to the preservation of the early beginnings in the records of the rocks, which carry us back several millions of years. For changes of this kind are always infinitely slow. But when we turn to the complicated grinders of the horse, or the elephant, we are foiled. Let us take but one aspect of this problem—the complexity of their exposed grinding surfaces, which present a number of "cusps" and "troughs." These have an important part to play, for by such irregularities of surface they are the better able to grind and crush the food thrust between the upper and lower jaws. They act as the roughened surfaces of mill stones in grinding corn. But how did these cusps come into being? For they exist before the teeth can be used. That is to say, before they cut the gum in which they are embedded. This question has been raised more than once by expert investigators, and it is still unanswered.

Problems of this kind, as I have said, present themselves in every group of animals. And I have in mind just now one on which I spent a great deal of trouble some years ago, when I was studying the structure of birds' feathers, which, as everyone knows, present a wide range in their size and texture. I spent my energies, naturally, on those of the wing-quills, since here they attain to their highest development. Herein the web, or "vane," running along the shaft, is formed of a series of delicate and closely adherent rods. If gently pulled backwards towards the hollow quill at the base this web will be found to stretch, and a very much stronger pull will be needed before the web is broken. But the broken surface can be at once restored if the web is gently seized between finger and thumb and "coaxed" from the direction of the shaft to the free edge of the web. How this comes about is shown when a section of this web is examined with a pocket-lens, which reveals a closely-packed row of what look like fine hairs running at an angle along

these adherent rods. Under the microscope these hairs will be found to be formed by thousands of twisted blades, or "barbules," inserted by a strap-shaped base, which presently is given a vertical twist,

are there seen to be thrust down into a series of scroll-shaped blades (as in the lower figure), which are set along the opposite side of their base of attachment, and almost at right-angles to the hook-bearing "barbules" which are thrust down between the scrolls formed by the lower set. But more than this. These scrolls are of the utmost importance. It will be noticed that each slides under the lower surface of its neighbour behind it, so that pressure on the hook-bearing "barbules" above drives the hooklets along the trough and allows them to spring back.

If the lower border of the scroll had a free edge pointing downwards the hooks would catch on that edge and utterly destroy the marvellous coherence of the web. The lowermost flat plate, at the bottom of the barb, serves to keep it vertical. But for this it might twist this way and that and so work havoc between the hooklets and the scrolls. It is by no means easy to interpret a mechanism so complicated. It is, indeed, an "organ of extreme perfection."

The less complex structure of the smaller body-feathers affords us hints as to its mode of evolution, but it leaves so much that is unexplained. But this mechanism must have been present in the flight- and tail-feathers of the earliest known bird, *Archæopteryx*; for the impressions of these feathers were exactly the same as would be made in any such feathers to-day, under similar conditions. This means that for several million years it has persisted unchanged. How did it originate? In the ostrich tribe we find no more than vestiges of these barbules: and they are always in a very degenerate condition in other birds which have lost the power

of flight. Hence it is clear they maintain their integrity only by use and speedily degenerate when flight ceases to be exercised.

Among the insects there are many and very remarkable structures associated with the wings and the power of flight, which is dependent on the perfection of such structures once they have come into being. Though all have the same function, of holding the fore- and hind-wings together during flight, the mechanism by which this is done presents a most surprising diversity. The locking-apparatus of the bee's wing shows one method (Fig. 3) where the hind-wing, along a short section of its front border, bears a row of hooks bent backwards over the membrane of the wing, so that when the wings are spread for flight these hooks are brought under the hinder margin of the fore-wing immediately in front, where

they catch hold of a fold along the hinder margin of the front pair. These hooks are very clearly shown in Fig. 2. But how and when did the nascent hooks make their appearance; and why did they appear? Chitin, the hard substance of the wing, one would suppose would make no response to the stimulus of touch. We must ask, then, how and why did this very perfect mechanism come into being? The existence of the various wing-locking mechanisms which we find among the insects is most puzzling, and the more inexplicable because so many other insects with two pairs of wings, the dragon-fly, for example, have no such apparatus.

I. THE INTERLOCKING MECHANISM OF A FEATHER: (TOP; LEFT) A DIAGRAM SHOWING AT "B" THE PORTION OF THE WEB SEEN MAGNIFIED IN THE BOTTOM FIGURE AND (TOP; RIGHT) THE TWO SCROLL-SHAPED "BARBULES" INTO WHICH THE HOOKLET-BEARING BARBULE (CENTRE) IS THRUST.

In the diagram of the feather shown above, "B" is the portion of the "vane" or web seen magnified in the lower figure; "R" is the Rhachis, or shaft of the feather; "Bs" the barbules; "V" the vane; and "C" the hollow quill. In the centre is a barbule bearing hooklets which are thrust into the two scroll-shaped barbules (seen top; right). The lower figure is a section through a piece of the vane as seen under the microscope and showing two bars and two kinds of interlocking barbules. "B" indicates the barb and "Bs" the barbules. The broad flat plates at the bottom of each barb are to keep them apart.

and at the same time to take on the form of a much narrower serrated blade, the serrations forming notches on one side and a series of hooks on the other (Fig. 1). And these hooklets

2. A VERY EFFICIENT LOCKING APPARATUS: THE ROW OF HOOKLETS ON THE FRONT EDGE OF A BEE'S HIND-WING WHICH CATCH HOLD OF THE DOWN-TURNED EDGE ALONG THE HIND MARGIN OF THE FORE-WING WHEN THE WINGS ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR FLIGHT. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)  
Photograph by Harold Bastin.



3. SHOWING, WITHIN THE CIRCLE, THE PORTIONS OF THE WINGS WHICH ARE INTERLOCKED: THE FORE- AND HIND-WINGS OF THE BEE—THE HOOKLETS CAN JUST BE SEEN NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE CIRCLE. (Photograph by Harold Bastin.)

## A FLYING ROBIN'S NEST.



BUILT ON THE TOP OF A HOUSEHOLD MOP WHICH HAD BEEN LEANT AGAINST THE BACK PORCH WALL: AN UNUSUAL ROBIN'S NEST, SHOWING THE YOUNG BIRDS EAGERLY AWAITING THEIR MEAL. I.N.P.



A BIRD WHOSE NESTS ARE MORE OFTEN ASSOCIATED WITH CHIMNEY-POTS: A PRUSSIAN STORK WHICH CHOSE AS ITS SITE THE TOP OF A TELEGRAPH POLE. Wide World.



MADE ON A PILE OF WOOD SHAVINGS, THIRTY FEET ABOVE THE WATER: A DUCK'S NEST IN THE CENTRE OF THE NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE, BUILT IN THE MIDST OF THE MEN AT WORK. Topical Press.



PROBABLY THE FIRST FLYING BIRD'S NEST!—THE POSITION IN WHICH A ROBIN NESTED BETWEEN THE LEADING EDGE OF THE WING AND THE FRONT SPAR OF AN AEROPLANE WITH FOLDING WINGS AT DENHAM. (A.P.)



PEACEFULLY SITTING ON HER EGGS WHILE THE AEROPLANE IS ON THE GROUND; AND, DURING A FLIGHT, WAITING PATIENTLY NEAR BY UNTIL THE MACHINE BRINGS HER NEST BACK!—THE ROBIN AT DENHAM. (Fox Photos.)

## ODD HABITS OF BIRDS.



A BLACK-FRONTED DOTTEREL'S NEST IN THE MIDDLE OF A RAILWAY TRACK IN ADELAIDE STATION YARD (SOUTH AUSTRALIA): A HOLLOW, FOUR INCHES ACROSS, WHERE, DESPITE CONSTANT SHUNTING, THE EGGS HATCHED OUT.



SUCCESSFULLY REARED NOTWITHSTANDING THE ROAR OF PASSING EXPRESS TRAINS: A FAMILY OF WAGTAILS IN A NEST BY THE SIDE OF A SLEEPER ON THE L.N.E.R. LINE IN NORTHUMBERLAND.



BUILT IN A RAILWAY TRUCK'S BRAKE RIGGING AT CARDIFF, AND MOVED BY HAND DURING SHUNTING: THE NEST OF A PAIR OF THRUSHES WHO CHOSE AN IDENTICAL SITE DURING TWO SUCCESSIVE YEARS.

As is apparent from the photographs on this page, birds sometimes choose strange nesting-places: but the robin who recently nested in the folding wing of an aeroplane at Denham has chosen one that is probably unique up to now. Both nest and eggs have made frequent flights, the mother hopping out when the machine is wanted, and perching near by until its return, when she immediately goes back to her eggs. The robin also displayed unusual pertinacity in building the nest, for before its completion the aerodrome staff pulled it to pieces half-a-dozen times, thinking it might

be wiser for the bird to nest elsewhere. In recognition of her persistency, the staff adopted the mother as the aerodrome mascot. Dr. J. Myles Bickerton, who owns the aerodrome, does not think that the eggs will be hurt by the flights, providing the aeroplane is not away too long, since the engine, which is just in front of the nest, keeps them warm. When the wings are fixed in place the nest is entirely encased, and there is no danger. When, however, the eggs hatch out, it may be necessary to remove the young birds. The aeroplane belongs to Mr. Percy Hordern.

HANDS AND FEET OF MARSUPIALS:  
TWO AUSTRALIAN TYPES COMPARED.



THE HAND OF THE YELLOW-BELLIED FLYING-SQUIRREL, AN ARBOREAL AND NOCTURNAL MAMMAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH; SHOWING THE CLAWS WHICH ASSIST IN TREE-CLIMBING.

is found and this claw is employed by the animal in combing its fur. The animal raises its hind-leg and scratches with great rapidity, pausing at intervals to lick the syndactylous toe. The palms of the hands and feet of these marsupials are plentifully supplied with glands, and during hot weather they lie on their backs, exposing the ventral surface of the body, and

[Continued opposite.]



A MEMBER OF THE SAME GENUS AS THAT OF THE YELLOW-BELLIED FLYING-SQUIRREL: THE LESSER FLYING-SQUIRREL (*PETAURUS BREVICEPS*).

THE Flying-squirrel (*Petaurus*) may be taken as a type of the marsupials equipped with so-called "wing" membranes extending between the fore- and hind-limbs. The animal is strictly arboreal, and spends the greater part of its active life among the slender upper branches of gum-trees. The hands and feet are well adapted for this life—the claws assist in climbing, and the opposed, nail-less toe enables it to grip the slenderest branches where the claws are of little use. This opposed toe, devoid of a nail, occurs characteristically in all the Phalangers—the opossums, the cuscus, and the flying-squirrel—all of which have much the same habits. In all, the curious syndactylous claw, aptly described by Professor F. Wood Jones as the "toilet digit,"

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THE FOOT OF THE YELLOW-BELLIED FLYING-SQUIRREL, SHOWING THE SYNDACTYLOUS CLAW, OR "TOILET DIGIT," AND THE OPPOSED, NAIL-LESS TOE USED FOR GRIPPING BRANCHES.

especially the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. In contrast with the hand and foot of the flying-squirrel is that of the Native Cat (*Dasyurus hallucatus*), and, as might be expected, the animal leads a very different kind of life. Its hind limb is characterised by the absence of the syndactylous digit, and by the very different form of the foot, which is admirably adapted

[Continued below.]



THE HAND OF THE NORTH AUSTRALIAN NATIVE CAT: ADAPTED TO ITS SPECIALISED MODE OF LIFE, WITH VIBRISSAE, OR SENSORY HAIRS, SITUATED ON THE WRIST.



A RARE POUCHED MAMMAL OF THE FORESTS OF FAR NORTH AUSTRALIA: THE NORTHERN, OR CAPE YORK, NATIVE CAT.



THE FOOT OF THE NORTH AUSTRALIAN NATIVE CAT: ADAPTED FOR WALKING RATHER THAN FOR GRASPING BRANCHES, AS IN THE CASE OF THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

for rapid movement in terrestrial as well as arboreal life. For although this species of "native cat" is very largely arboreal, it is by no means exclusively so, and again, while its feet with their strong claws are well equipped for climbing the rough bark

of trees, the activities of the Dasyures are restricted rather to the stout limbs upon which they walk. The foot is essentially adapted for walking, rather than for grasping the slender branches, as in the case of the Phalanger-like *Petaurus*.

# AN AID IN THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE MARSUPIALS: THE HANDS AND FEET OF THE AGILE WALLABY AND BANDICOOT COMPARED.



THE PLANTAR SURFACE OF THE FOOT OF THE AGILE WALLABY; SHOWING THE LARGE CENTRAL TOE AND SYNDACTYLOUS DIGIT.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE HAND OF THE BANDICOOT: THE PALMAR SURFACE OF THE HAND OF THE AGILE WALLABY.



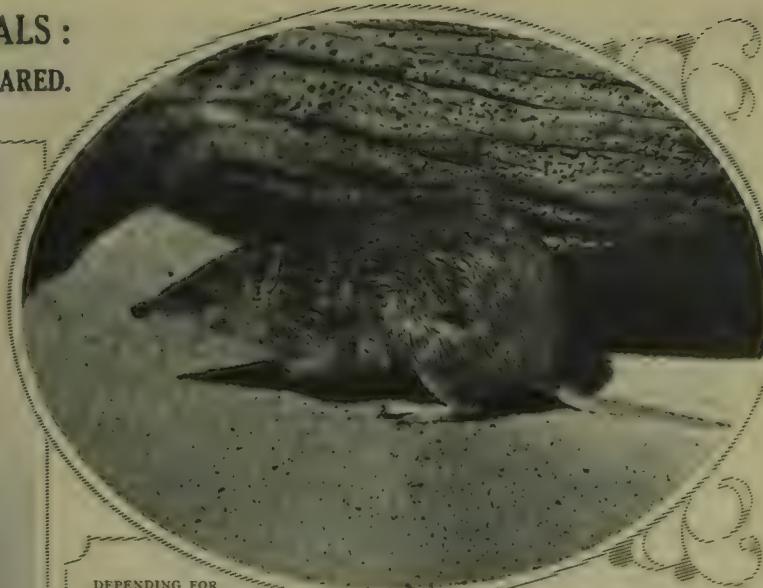
LINGING HER HANDS AND WRISTS: THE FIRST STAGE IN THE TOILET OF THE AGILE WALLABY, DURING WHICH THE SYNDACTYLOUS DIGIT IS USED AS A COMB.

way in which unexpected details are brought out by close inspection, and illustrate the differences between the hands and feet of the agile wallaby of North Queensland and those of the Cape York bandicoot. The agile wallaby (*Macropus agilis*) has a large central toe which is used for fighting, as well as in locomotion, and possesses the curious "double toe," or syndactylous digit, found in all the kangaroos, the

[Continued below.]



AS THE BLACKFELLOW SEES THEM: THE DISTINCTIVE TRACKS OF AN AGILE WALLABY ON A SALT-PAN.



DEPENDING FOR ITS SAFETY LARGELY UPON ITS PROTECTIVE COLORATION: THE GROUND-DWELLING CAPE YORK BANDICOOT (*Isoodon peninsulae*).

THE hands and feet—*manus* and *pes*—of the marsupials are often extremely characteristic. Not only are they very distinctive in form in different groups, but they are frequently closely related to the specialised life of the animal, while the characters of the pads on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are employed in relating various genera as well as in distinguishing the species that comprise a single genus. Each of the pads bears a name in relation to an "ideal" or "diagrammatic" hand and foot. In some forms, one or more of these may be absent or modified, and so the number and disposition of the pads in each species may be compared. In addition, the character of the pads themselves may vary, for they may be striated or non-striated. The drawings on this page depict in a striking manner the

[Continued below on left.]



THE HAND OF THE CAPE YORK BANDICOOT: SHOWING THE REDUCTION IN SIZE OF THE TWO LATERAL DIGITS.



THE FOOT OF THE CAPE YORK BANDICOOT: SHOWING THE SUGGESTION OF THE FIFTH DIGIT—SUPPRESSED IN THE KANGAROO.

opossums and in many other marsupials. It is used for toilet purposes, i.e., combing the hair. The palmar surface of the hand is employed in grasping herbage in feeding, and should be contrasted with the hand of the bandicoot, in which the

central digits are elongated and are equipped with long and strong nails, in adaptation to the food-gathering habits of this animal. The hand and foot of the bandicoot have, however, a superficial resemblance to those of the kangaroo.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

THAT familiar recruiting slogan: "Join the Army and See the World," applies equally, or even more, to the Navy, and readers can see a great deal of the world, both in war and peace, through the memories of several famous soldiers and sailors which form our subject this week. Ordinarily, one would give precedence to the Senior Service, but here it is more convenient to reverse the order, because a soldier-author's brief allusion to a certain occurrence leads up to a fuller story of it in a naval autobiography.

There is not the slightest sign of what Dean Hole in his eighties called an "octogeranium" in the deliciously amusing reminiscences of an eminent Scot who was born in 1853 near Benmore and the Holy Loch, and in 1870 was in Germany, preparing for Sandhurst, during the first year of the Franco-Prussian War. His recollections, from early childhood until, at twenty, he sailed for service in India, are recorded with inimitable charm and verve in "WHEN I WAS A BOY." By General Sir Ian Hamilton. With 17 Illustrations (Faber; 18s.). Concerning the celebrations at his birth, he recalls a family tradition "that my father had stood the whole of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders a glass of whisky apiece. . . . Eighty-six years later," he adds, "finds me still in the Gordons, having risen the while from recruit in arms to full Colonel." Of his mother, who died when he was a child, Sir Ian has no remembrance, yet in one way her influence over him was strong and permanent. "I have never," he writes, "all my long life dropped the thought of her out of my heart. Through all my wanderings and adventures, the Bible she left me has been with me, and at night it is never farther from me than I can reach. How it has not long ago suffered the vicissitudes of my father's broadsword, taken off me as I lay wounded at Majuba in 1881—restored to me in 1901—swept away for ever by a flood at Bloemfontein in 1902, I cannot say; and how it was not swallowed in the earthquake at Peshawar or stolen by thieves in India or China I cannot think." Here is a clue to the religious feeling that underlies the author's light-hearted humour.

Sir Ian takes us at a leisurely, anecdotal pace through his childhood at "Hafton House by Dunoon"—the Post Office address, but the true Hafton was not "by Dunoon" but "by Paradise"; for it was a fairy palace built by the Good Genius of children"; through his schooldays, first at Cheam and then at Wellington; through his sojourn at a crammer's for the new Army exam.; through his stay with a German General's family at Dresden; through hard-riding days at Sandhurst; and finally to Ireland, for duty with the 12th (Suffolk) Regiment at Athlone, where his father had served in 1850. At school Sir Ian early proved his fighting quality, while from authority he seems to have had more than his share of corporal punishment. Dr. Benson, then Headmaster of Wellington, was particularly active with the cane, so much so that Sir Ian writes: "Had not the zebra-like decoration of my back been seen at the bathing-lake by every Wellingtonian of my time, and had they not known these strange marks to be the result of a succession of beatings given by a future Archbishop of Canterbury to a future Governor of the College, I think I should have quietly put an extinguisher of silence over this part of my career." Yet, for all that, he can say of Benson: "I liked him."

Sir Ian closes his book at the point where he joined his father's old regiment. In the final paragraph, after recounting his experiences as a subaltern in Ireland, he says: "Farewell, then, to the gallant 12th Suffolks. Fate was claiming me for the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, and over strange seas to strange countries I must sail. Still little more than a boy, I was to find myself the only officer commanding the only company of British soldiers serving trans-Indus. Owing to the sudden death of my captain I was to be in sole charge of the mud fort at Dera Ismail Khan, where I was to share a strange adventure with

Sir Charles Keyes, Warden of the Marches, when we escaped from the Waziris." It is noteworthy, by the way, that both Sir Charles Keyes and Sir Ian Hamilton, in the course of their active service, were recommended for the V.C., Sir Charles in India and Sir Ian in South Africa, and in each case the refusal to award the honour (for some official reason) caused keen regret among their friends.

The story of Sir Charles Keyes's distinguished career in India, where he was born in 1822, forms the first chapter in a book of early reminiscences by his famous son, entitled "ADVENTURES ASHORE AND AFLOAT." By Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bt., M.P. With Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, and numerous Illustrations, Maps and Plans (Harrap; 18s.). The author records his father's "strange adventure" in 1874, with Sir Ian Hamilton, as told him by Sir Ian himself. "Having given myself a few days leave," said the latter, "I proposed to ride out about twenty miles northwards to Sheik Budcen, a rocky spur from the Suleiman Range. . . . By good fortune, General Keyes, commanding the Punjab Frontier Force, was in the cantonment, and invited me to ride along with him. . . . We had got about half-way when we encountered a crowd of about thirty Pathans, armed with matchlocks and long Afghan knives. As we drew near they closed solidly across the road, and we had to pull up. The moment we did so they laid hold of the bridles of our horses. They were Mahsud Waziris, as

"Victoria and Albert";

later, in South America, he saw a revolution in Brazil and visited Argentina. In 1898, at a critical time in the Far East, he commanded the destroyer "Fame" in China, and during the next few years had many exciting experiences after the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion, distinguishing himself in the attack on the Taku Forts and the relief of the Legations at Peking. Back in England again, he commanded the Devonport destroyer flotilla, and was then appointed to the Naval Intelligence Department. Describing his work there he has much to say concerning the Dogger Bank incident during the Russo-Japanese War. Finally, he recalls his experiences as a Naval Attaché in Rome and Vienna, where among his Austrian friends was the present Regent of Hungary, Admiral Horthy. In his account of his adventures, Sir Roger shows all a sailor's aptitude for spinning a good yarn.

"Back to the Army again," we come in "LIFE OF AN IRISH SOLDIER." Reminiscences of General Sir Alexander Godley. Foreword by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell. With 41 Illustrations and 2 Maps (Murray; 12s. 6d.). As a boy, the author at first wanted to be a sailor, but eventually decided to follow in his father's footsteps. His early schooldays (before he went to Haileybury) seem to have resembled in their sterner aspects those of Sir Ian Hamilton, under whom he was destined to serve in Gallipoli. His memories of that campaign, as also of his later service in Egypt and France, as commander of the British Army on the Rhine after the Armistice, and still later as Governor of Gibraltar, are of great personal interest, and form a notable contribution to military annals. When Sir Ian Hamilton, to the surprise of his staff, was superseded, Sir Alexander was left temporarily in command.

"We of Anzac," he writes, "parted from Sir Ian with great regret. Denied reinforcements and officers for whom he had asked, the victim of the shilly-shallying policy of the Government as regards the prosecution of the campaign—he had had the worst of luck, and we felt deep sympathy for him."

To readers with longer memories, equally interesting is Sir Alexander's vivid story of the siege of Mafeking, where he was "B.P.'s" right-hand man. Commanding the present volume, his old leader in that "tight corner" writes: "There are few countries in the world which Alick Godley has not visited, and there is hardly a man of his time, whether in the world of sport or soldiering or administration, whom he has not



"A NATIVE LADY OF ST. LUCIA": BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU: ONE OF THE MANY NATIVE TYPES FEATURED IN AN EXHIBITION OF COLOUR-DRAWINGS, "THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS."



"A NATIVE MILLINER IN THE MARKET AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA": AN AMUSING DRAWING BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU MADE DURING HIS VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES LAST WINTER.

Our readers will be familiar with the work of Bryan de Grineau, which has often appeared in "The Illustrated London News." He is exhibiting a collection of colour-drawings of the West Indies and Caribbean Islands at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, W.1, from June 20 to June 28. The drawings are impressions in chalk and water-colour of scenes and life made during a visit last winter. The artist has caught the atmosphere of the various European nations who have influenced the architecture and life of the Islands—the Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, French and English all having their distinctive characteristics. The subjects show the massive old Spanish forts and Cathedrals of Puerto Rico and Havana; the quays and quaint Dutch architecture of Curaçao; the old English naval dockyards and forts of Antigua, from whence Nelson sailed for Trafalgar; ship-building in Grand Cayman and the sophisticated bathing-beaches of Montego Bay and Nassau. The movement and vivid colours of the market-places of Jamaica and Barbados contrast with the Sun Gate of Cartagena and the varied native types, of which we publish two examples.

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ragged and desparate a gang as anyone would like to avoid. The General seemed quite pleased to meet them, and gave them salutation. He then spoke to them in Pushtoo in quite a friendly way, and a moment came when they all burst out laughing and let go our bridles. At that the General turned his head to me and, shouting 'Gallop,' put spurs to his horse. Down the road we galloped like the devil, I every second expecting a bullet in my back, until we had put a mile between ourselves and the raiders—for that is what they were. The General told me that after a question or two about their family affairs, when they told him they were on their way to buy camels at Bunnu, they had asked him for money—practically for money or his life. In reply he had laughed and said: 'You have come all this way to buy camels and have no money! You must be magicians!' Apparently this in Pushtoo was a good joke, for they all burst out laughing and let go our reins. But it was a close shave."

Adventures are to the adventurous—a fact abundantly illustrated in this delightful book, which covers the first twenty years of the author's naval career. He was born on the North-West Frontier of India, but his thoughts early turned to the sea. "When I was asked what I was going to be," he says, "I always answered 'an Admiral.'" As a midshipman he had the luck to take part in operations against Arab slave-runners at Zanzibar. Returning to England, he served for a time in the Royal Yacht

known—not to mention the charming ladies. His life of 52 years in the Army has been a long tale of strenuous work relieved at intervals by equally strenuous pursuit of sport. . . . In light vein, without frills, he tells his personal reminiscences of the incidents of Mafeking, of Gallipoli, but more especially of the heart-straining difficulties behind the scenes in the grim struggle in Flanders. In these days of unrest and fear, his final conclusion derived from those experiences should bring comfort and confidence to many where he says that, after all, the British soldier, home and overseas, can be relied upon, above all others, as the true bulwark against disaster to our nation."

In this group of contemporary naval and military reminiscences, there are naturally many links of personal allusion between one and another. Especially notable is a post-war incident mentioned in Sir Alexander Godley's book: "On the way back [from Paris to England] I stayed a night," he says, "with Roger Keyes at Dover, and next day he took me in a destroyer to Ostend. There we met Admiral Beatty, and I had the unforgettable experience of visiting with them the *Vindictive*, and the scene of the battle of Zeebrugge. It was intensely interesting to hear at first hand the commander of this great naval exploit explaining it all, and showing it on the ground itself to the great Admiral of the North Sea Fleet."

[Continued on page 1136.]



PROCEEDING THROUGH THE CHEERING RANKS OF PIKEMEN, BOWMEN, HALBERDIERS, AND GENTLEMEN PENSIONERS: A SCENE AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT IN 1588 TO THE ARMED FORCES ASSEMBLED AT TILBURY TO MEET THE THREAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.



"LET THE TRUMPETS SOUND!"—THE TATTOO TRUMPETERS HERALDING QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE TUDOR PAGEANT AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

### "THE SPACIOUS TIMES OF GREAT ELIZABETH": PAGEANTRY AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

The theme chosen for this year's Aldershot Tattoo is "Steady and Strong." This theme is present throughout, and finds colourful expression in the scenes illustrated here. They show the pageantry of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury in 1588 to inspect her naval and land forces there assembled to meet the threat

of the Spanish Armada. This was the famous occasion when Elizabeth, mounted on a horse and wearing armour, told her troops: "I know I have the body of weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too." The costumes are replicas of the originals. (Fox Photos.)



FORMERLY BLACK WITH GRIME AND NOW RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL SPLENDOUR: THE TOMB OF EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE, IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Shortly before Easter the restoration work, which has been carried out in the Trinity Chapel during four successive winters at the cost of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, was completed, the scaffolding was removed and the tombs of the Black Prince and Archbishop Courtenay uncovered. The tomb of Edward, the Black Prince, (1330-1376) lies on the south side of the Chapel, and it was erected in accordance with instructions in his will. He desired, however, to be buried in the crypt of the Cathedral, and it was probably due to the Black Prince's popularity that he was entombed near the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in the

Trinity Chapel. The tomb is of Purbeck marble, the slab and metal effigy of bronze, covered with gilt, and the sixteen shields bearing the Black Prince's arms for war and arms for peace are in coloured enamels. Above the wooden tester hang his gauntlets, helmet, surcoat and sword-scabbard and his shield is fixed to a nearby pillar. The tomb had become completely black with varnish and grime and, in 1936, the work of restoring it to its original splendour was begun under the direction of Professor E. W. Tristram, who has also been responsible for the repair and cleaning of the tomb of Henry IV. (Photograph by Fox.)

## THE ROYAL TOUR: THROUGH THE ROCKIES FROM BANFF TO THE PACIFIC.



THE ROYAL COMPARTMENT DURING THIRTEEN MILES OF THE JOURNEY FROM BANFF TO VANCOUVER: THE QUEEN IN THE ENGINE-CAB, IN WHICH THEIR MAJESTIES TRAVELED FROM BEAVERMOUTH TO STONEY CREEK. (Keystone.)



AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE ON SUNDAY IN BANFF ON MAY 28: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE LITTLE ANGLICAN CHURCH, WITH (LEFT) CANON MONTGOMERY, WHO PREACHED THE SERMON. (Wide World.)



THEIR MAJESTIES ON PACIFIC WATERS DURING THE FOUR-HOUR JOURNEY FROM VANCOUVER TO VICTORIA: THE KING AND QUEEN ABOARD THE "PRINCESS MARGUERITE," A FINE 5875-TON COASTAL STEAMER OF THE C.P.R. (Wide World.)



RECEIVING THE CHEERS OF THE MASSED CHOIRS AT VANCOUVER WHO SANG "O CANADA" AND "GOD SAVE THE KING": THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL. (P.N.A.)



WAVING SCOTTISH AS WELL AS ENGLISH FLAGS, IN RECOGNITION OF THE QUEEN'S NORTHERN DESCENT: A SECTION OF THE LARGE CROWD WHICH CHEERED THEIR MAJESTIES' PASSAGE THROUGH VANCOUVER. (Wide World.)

Their Majesties arrived in Banff on Friday, May 26, and spent the next two days enjoying the scenery of the Eastern Rockies and exploring the district. During this well-earned respite, the King took many ciné-pictures of deer and wild birds. The whole population of Banff turned out to welcome the King and Queen. On the Sunday their Majesties attended Divine Service in the small Anglican church. Rain fell in the upper canyons of the Rockies during the journey from Banff to Vancouver, but did not obscure the wonderful snow-capped peaks. For thirteen miles, from Beavermouth to Stoney Creek, their Majesties travelled in the engine-cab, where

the King surprised the crew by his knowledge of machinery. Vancouver was reached on May 29, where their Majesties were greeted by the Mayor, Dr. Telford, a vigorous socialist. The King was in the uniform of the R.A.F. for the first time in the tour; the Queen was in blue. On the quay was drawn up a guard of honour of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada whose pipers played "Over the Sea to Skye." In the City Hall the King received the keys of the city. Their Majesties were given a great ovation, and massed choirs sang "God Save the King" and "O Canada." Before leaving for Victoria in the evening, their Majesties drove round the city.



THE KING, HARD BY THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC, PRESENTS COLOURS TO THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY: THE CEREMONY AT BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA—VICTORIA BEING THE WESTERNMOST POINT REACHED BY THEIR MAJESTIES IN THEIR TOUR. (P.N.A.)



THE WARM WELCOME GIVEN THEIR MAJESTIES AT VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE CROWD WHICH GREETED THEM ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS. (P.N.A.)



OUTSIDE THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, VICTORIA: THEIR MAJESTIES ENTERING THEIR CAR WITH THE BODYGUARD FORMED BY THE 5TH COAST BRIGADE SEEN BEYOND; AND THE HARBOUR IN THE DISTANCE. (Planet.)

## THEIR MAJESTIES' FARTHEST WEST:

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHERE COLOURS WERE PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN NAVY.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT BEACON HILL PARK: A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MR. MACKENZIE KING, THE DOMINION PREMIER, BEHIND THE QUEEN; AND MR. PATTULLO, PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON THE LEFT. (P.N.A.)



THEIR MAJESTIES DESCENDING THE STEPS OF THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, THE QUEEN IN FRONT, AND THE KING (WHO WORE THE UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET) FOLLOWED BY MR. MACKENZIE KING. (P.N.A.)

The King and Queen arrived in Victoria, the westernmost point of their journey across Canada, on May 29. On the following day they went in procession to the Legislative Buildings and received the Royal Salute from the 5th Coast Brigade. The King wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. An official luncheon was given by the Government of British Columbia, at which the King made an address broadcast throughout Canada. In this speech he referred to the Canadian north as still a land of great opportunities, full of openings for the pioneering spirit. "There

in the North," he said, "is a field of enterprise for youth which it will take generations to exhaust." After luncheon their Majesties drove through part of the city to Beacon Hill Park, where, in the presence of a crowd estimated at over 25,000, the King presented Colours to the Canadian Navy, Western Division. The Royal Party returned by a different route to Government House, where they spent the remainder of the day quietly. The visit to Victoria ended on May 31, and their Majesties, turning eastwards, began their homeward journey.

## THE ROYAL TOUR: THE RETURN, EASTWARDS ACROSS CANADA TO NIAGARA.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT JASPER LODGE, WHERE THEY HAD A BRIEF BUT TRANQUIL RESPITE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM OFFICIAL DUTIES ON THEIR RETURN JOURNEY.



AN INTERESTING MEETING AT MT. ROBSON IN THE ROCKIES: THE KING AND THE QUEEN WITH MR. HARGREAVES, WHO SANG AT THE WEDDING OF THE KING'S GRANDFATHER, EDWARD VII.



IN PARLIAMENT BUILDING, EDMONTON: THEIR MAJESTIES PASSING THEIR OWN PORTRAITS; FOLLOWED BY MR. ABERHART, THE SOCIAL CREDIT PREMIER OF ALBERTA, WITH, BEHIND HIM, MR. MACKENZIE KING.



EDMONTON'S TWO-MILE-LONG PORTAGE AVENUE LINED WITH STANDS FILLED WITH CHEERING CROWDS, DOWN WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN DROVE WHEN THEY VISITED EDMONTON, CAPITAL OF ALBERTA.



THE ROYAL SIGNATURE FOR SASKATOON: THE KING SIGNING THE CITY'S REGISTER WHEN THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVED THERE ON JUNE 3.



BEFORE LEAVING CANADA FOR THE U.S.A.: THEIR MAJESTIES GAZING AT THE NIAGARA FALLS BEFORE CROSSING THE FRONTIER OVER THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Early on June 1 the King and Queen crossed into Alberta through the Yellowhead Pass. For 150 miles, as far as Lytton, the Canadian National Railway runs close to the east bank of the Fraser River: the lower valley of this river is extremely fertile, and it was looking its greenest for their Majesties. At every station groups of country folk had gathered to see their King and Queen; as darkness fell, loggers from the lumber camps, miners and Indians gathered at vantage points to see the royal train pass by. A short halt was made at Mt. Robson, the highest peak in Canada, and here their Majesties met Mr. Hargreaves, who, as a boy, sang at

King Edward VII's marriage to Queen Alexandra. The night of June 1 was spent in a log cabin at Jasper, where they enjoyed a rest from official duties, similar to that at Banff. After this their Majesties, with only occasional stops of a few hours, journeyed steadily eastward across Canada towards the Niagara Suspension Bridge, over which they entered the United States on June 7. All along the route scenes of spontaneous enthusiasm occurred—thus at Edmonton, where six hours were spent, and their Majesties dined with the Social Credit Premier, Mr. Aberhart, the normal population of 90,000 was doubled. (Photographs by Keystone and P.N.A.)

**THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE CAPITAL OF THE U.S.A.:**  
NOTABLE EVENTS OF THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO WASHINGTON.



FLYING THE ROYAL STANDARD AT THE FORE: THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT "POTOMAC" LEAVING THE NAVY YARD, WITH THEIR MAJESTIES ABOARD, FOR MOUNT VERNON, WHERE THE KING LAID A WREATH ON WASHINGTON'S GRAVE. (Keystone).



THE HISTORIC MEETING OF THE KING AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: THEIR MAJESTIES WELCOMED ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON. (Keystone)

AT THE UNION STATION, WASHINGTON: THEIR MAJESTIES CONVERSING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT BEFORE DRIVING TO THE WHITE HOUSE. (Pland.)



THE PROCESSION TO THE WHITE HOUSE PASSING THE CAPITOL: SHOWING THE KING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND, IN THE CAR BEHIND, THE QUEEN DRIVING WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT. (A.P.)



On arrival at the Union Station in Washington, the capital of the United States, the King and Queen were formally welcomed by Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, who met them on the American side of the Niagara Falls on the previous evening. They had travelled with them their Majesties then entered the reception room, where the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were awaiting them. After conversing with the royal visitors for a short time, the President led them to the cars in which they drove to the White House through streets packed with enthusiastic spectators. After lunching privately with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the royal visitors attended a garden-party at the Canadian Embassy and in the evening were the guests of honour at a State banquet. On the following day their Majesties were present at a reception in the gardens of the Embassy and also were received

(Continued opposite)

MR. CORDELL HULL FORMALLY WELCOMING THE KING AND QUEEN TO THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, BEFORE THEIR INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESIDENT. (Keystone)

by the two Houses of the American Congress in the Capitol. From there they drove to the Navy Yard with President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt to embark on the Presidential yacht "Potomac" for a trip down the Potowmack River to Mount Vernon. The King laid a wreath inscribed "From George R.I. and Elizabeth R. to the grave of George Washington and then their Majesties visited Washington's home. A visit to Fort Hunt Cullinan Government Corp Camp for Unemployed soldiers followed and afterwards their Majesties drove to the National Cemetery at Arlington, where the King laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and then their Majesties visited the cross commemorating Americans who fell fighting with the Canadian troops in France. The party then returned to Washington, where, during an informal tea at the White House, the King and Queen met people interested in social problems.

**A HISTORIC MEETING AND AN EVENTFUL PROGRAMME: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT.**



AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON: THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING TO EMBARK IN THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT "POTOMAC" FOR THE TRIP DOWN THE POTOWMAK RIVER TO MOUNT VERNON, WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT. (Pland.)



THEIR MAJESTIES WELCOMED BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A SECTION OF THE VAST CROWD, NUMBERING SOME 700,000 PERSONS, WHICH ASSEMBLED IN WASHINGTON TO GREET THE KING AND QUEEN. (Keystone)

THE KING'S TRIBUTE TO THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF AMERICA: HIS MAJESTY ABOUT TO LAY A WREATH, INCISED "FROM GEORGE R.I. AND ELIZABETH R." ON THE GRAVE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON. (Pland.)

STANDING TO ATTENTION BEFORE THE CROSS COMMEMORATING AMERICANS WHO FELL FIGHTING WITH THE CANADIAN TROOPS IN FRANCE: THE KING DURING HIS VISIT TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON. (Pland.)

THE KING PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN WAR DEAD: HIS MAJESTY LAYING A WREATH AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY: SHOWING GENERAL MALIN CRAIG (LEFT). (Keystone)

**THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO WASHINGTON, U.S.A. :  
THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE CAPITOL AND AT THE EMBASSY.**



THE BRITISH EMBASSY GARDEN-PARTY HELD ON THEIR MAJESTIES' ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON: THE QUEEN (RIGHT) WALKING AMONG THE GUESTS. (Planet.)



THE RECEPTION IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY GARDENS FOR SOME 1500 MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLONY: THE QUEEN TALKING TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO REMEMBERED TO CURTSEY. (Keystone.)



ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL, IN WASHINGTON, AFTER BEING RECEIVED BY THE TWO HOUSES OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH AMERICAN SENATORS. (Keystone.)



THE FIRST TIME THAT THE ROTUNDA HAS BEEN USED FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS: SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS WAITING IN A QUEUE TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THEIR MAJESTIES. (Wide World.)



THE KING AND QUEEN TALKING TO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS WHO WELCOMED THEM AT THE RECEPTION IN THE ROTUNDA: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH SENATORS AND OFFICIALS DURING THE CEREMONY. (Planet.)

**AMERICA'S GREATEST CITY ACCLAIMS THEIR MAJESTIES:**  
**THE WONDERFUL RECEPTION GIVEN BY**  
**NEW YORK TO ITS ROYAL VISITORS.**



THE SPECTACULAR ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES IN NEW YORK: THE U.S. DESTROYER "WARRINGTON," IN WHICH THEY SAILED UP FROM SANDY HOOK, ARRIVING AT THE BATTERY AMID SCREAMING SHIPS' SIRENS, BOOMING ARTILLERY, AND THE CHEERS OF THOUSANDS. (Keystone.)



THE KING AND QUEEN IN NEW YORK: THE START OF THEIR DRIVE TO THE WORLD FAIR, SHOWING THE CROWDED PAVEMENTS AND WINDOWS. (Keystone.)



THE day of their Majesties' visit to New York began early. Rising at 7 a.m., their Majesties reviewed a guard of honour at Red Bank, whither the royal train travelled overnight from Washington. From Red Bank they went to Sandy Hook, and went aboard the U.S. destroyer "Warrington," which took them to New York. They landed at the Battery, being met by Mayor La Guardia, and Mr. Lehman, Governor of New York State. The drive from the Battery to the World Fair took up twice the scheduled half-hour, since their Majesties wished to travel slowly, in order to see as much of the city and its inhabitants as possible—and this was much appreciated by the three-and-a-half million spectators who lined the route.



THE OFFICIAL WELCOME TO NEW YORK: MAYOR LA GUARDIA GREETS THE KING, AND GOVERNOR LEHMAN THE QUEEN, ON THE PIER AT THE BATTERY (THE HOSTS BEING SEEN BACK TO THE CAMERA). (Keystone.)



HOW THEIR MAJESTIES SAW NEW YORK, SEATED BEHIND THE MAYOR AND THE GOVERNOR: A CHARMING PICTURE OF THE QUEEN, WHOSE APPEARANCE EVOKED THE WARM ADMIRATION OF NEW YORKERS. (Keystone.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS:  
PEOPLE IN THE HONOURS LIST AND OTHER NEWS.



**MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL.**  
A Judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division since 1935 who, it was announced by the Prime Minister on June 8, will conduct the inquiry into the "Thetis" disaster. He will be assisted by three assessors. Was called to the Bar in 1903.



**MR. WILLIAM STRANG.**  
Left London for Moscow on June 12 to assist Sir William Seeds, the British Ambassador, in what may prove to be the final stages of the Anglo-Soviet negotiations. Is head of the Central Department of the Foreign Office and was Counsellor of the Embassy at Moscow (1932).



**THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO TO GIBRALTAR:**  
GENERAL NOGUÈS (LEFT) WITH GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, THE GOVERNOR.  
The French Resident-General in Morocco, General Noguès, arrived in Gibraltar on June 7 to return the visit paid by General Sir Edmund Ironside, Governor of Gibraltar, to French Morocco last February. General Noguès was present at the King's Birthday Parade on June 8, in which a detachment of sailors from the French battleship "Provence" took part. He is shown above in the grounds of Government House, after the ceremony.



**MRS. BARBARA AYRTON GOULD.**  
Elected Chairman of the National Executive of the Socialist party on June 1. Is the widow of Mr. Gerald Gould, poet and journalist, and the prospective Parliamentary Socialist candidate for the Wednesbury Division of Staffordshire. Has contested several constituencies.



**MR. A. G. OGILVIE, K.C.**  
Died on June 11; aged forty-eight. Had been Socialist Premier of Tasmania since 1934. Became a member of the Legislative Assembly in 1919 at the age of twenty-eight and served as Attorney-General, Minister of Education, Forestry and Mines between 1923 and 1927.



**TO MAKE CONTACTS WITH THE BRITISH GENERAL STAFF: THE TURKISH MILITARY MISSION, HEADED BY GENERAL ORBAY (CENTRE), ON ARRIVAL IN LONDON.**  
On June 5 a Turkish military mission arrived in London to make contacts with the British General Staff, and to discuss the purchase of war material for Turkey. The mission was headed by General Kaizam Orbay, Inspector-General of the Third Army area, who was accompanied by three other Staff officers. General Orbay was one of the Turkish representatives at the Coronation of King George VI.



**THE TURKISH PRESIDENT AT THE MEETING OF THE STATE PARTY: GENERAL İNÖNÜ OPENING THE CONGRESS OF THE REPUBLICAN PEOPLE'S PARTY.**  
The President of the Turkish Republic, General Inönü recently opened the Congress of the Republican People's Party. General Inönü did brilliant service as Foreign Minister under Ataturk. The Kamutay (the Grand National Assembly in Ankara) agreed to the establishment of the principles of the Republican People's Party in 1937, thus virtually recognising only one political party in the State, and establishing a form of State Socialism.



**SIR A. DE CAPELL-BROOKE.**  
New Baron. For political and public services in Northamptonshire. Chairman of the Northamptonshire County Council, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of the County. Has been High Sheriff of Rutland.



**SIR HERBERT CAZIER.**  
New Baron. For political and public services. M.P. for South Portsmouth, 1918-1922 and since 1923. A director of many shipping and other companies; vice-chairman of Clan Line Steamers, Ltd. Is fifty-eight.



**CAPT. HERBERT DIXON.**  
New Baron. M.P., Pottinger Division of Belfast, 1918; and for East Belfast since 1922. Member of Northern Ireland Parliament for East Belfast, 1921-29; and for the Bloomfield Division since 1929.



**SIR HENRY LYONS, BT.**  
New Baron. For political and public services. Played a leading part in the formation of the National Liberal Party. An underwriting member at Lloyds since 1908 and sole partner in an insurance broking firm.



**SIR F. MARQUIS.**  
New Baron. For public services. Honorary adviser to the War Office on Textiles, thus being responsible for the clothing of the newly-raised British forces. Chairman, Lewis's, Ltd.



**MR. J. J. MALLON.**  
Created Companion of Honour. Warden of Toynbee Hall, the famous Educational Settlement and Social Centre in Whitechapel. A member of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. since 1937.



**DR. G. P. GOOCH.**  
Created a Companion of Honour. A leading British historian. Joint editor of British Documents on the Origin of the War, 1898-1914; and of the Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy.



**MR. H. RAMSBOTHAM.**  
Created a Privy Councillor, this honour following upon his appointment as First Commissioner of Works on June 7. Had previously been Minister of Pensions. Conservative M.P. for Lancaster. Is fifty-two.



**MR. MAX BEERBOHM.**  
Created a Knight. The famous caricaturist and writer. The half-brother of the late Sir Beerbohm Tree, he retired at the passing of the Edwardian age to Rapallo, in Italy, where he has since lived.



**MAJOR W. P. COLFOX.**  
New Baronet. For political and public services. Conservative M.P. for North Dorset, 1918-22; and for West Dorset since 1922, but has announced his intention of retiring at the end of the present Parliament.



**SIR E. CAMPBELL.**  
New Baronet. Conservative M.P. for Bromley. Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Kingsley Wood, Air Minister, since 1931. Is on the Executive of the National Playing Fields Association.



**MR. W. J. COURTAULD.**  
New Baronet. A prominent figure in the silk industry. Noted for his many benefactions notably to his native town of Braintree, Essex, including the erection of a town hall costing £50,000. Is sixty-nine.



**DR. R. HUTCHINSON.**  
New Baronet. President of the Royal College of Physicians, and ex-President of the Royal Society of Medicine. He is Honorary consulting physician to the London Hospital.



**MR. HARRY A. B. OAKES.**  
New Baronet. President of the Great Lake Shore Gold Mine, Ontario. Reputed to be one of the world's wealthiest men, he has recently made princely donations to St. George's Hospital, S.W.

## RUMANIA YIELDS NEW FACTS ABOUT THE REMOTE PAST OF EUROPE—PROMISING A GREAT ADVANCE IN OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE STONE AGE ERA:

### THE CULTURE OF MOLDAVIA FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO REVEALED IN EXCAVATIONS IN THE BISTRITZA VALLEY.

By DR. RADU VULPE, Professor of Archaeology, Bucharest University. (Photographs supplied by the Author. See also illustrations on pages 1124 and 1125.)

Little was known of the pre-history of Rumania before the Great War, but in the last ten years much material has been brought to light showing that there is there a field of great promise. Dr. Radu Vulpe, who describes two highly important Neolithic sites explored by him at the foot of the Carpathians, in Moldavia, in the article on this page, is one of the foremost, as he is also one of the youngest, of Rumanian archaeologists. He is well known for the work he has done in the Dobrudja, and his monumental "History of the Ancient Dobrudja," has just been published by the Rumanian Academy. The discoveries on the sites in Moldavia, going back to the second and third millenniums B.C., open up some extremely interesting lines of speculation. The culture which is being investigated in the Bistrizia valley sites presents analogies with prehistoric cultures of the East, including Mesopotamia, Central Asia, and even China. Furthermore there are evidences that the Neolithic Moldavian culture ended with a catastrophe; and this, Dr. Vulpe thinks, can best be attributed to the advent of Indo-European invaders.

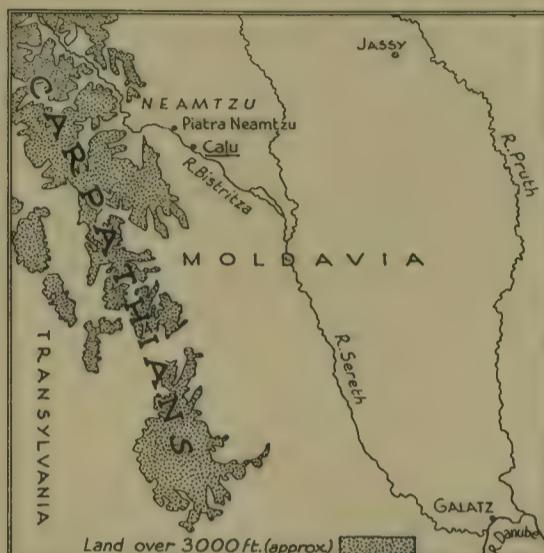
ALTHOUGH it has only been the object of intensive scientific studies for a few decades, the prehistoric era in Rumania is attracting more and more attention as a field of great richness and significance. The geographical unit of ancient Dacia, formed by the combination of the Carpathians with the lower basin of the Danube, offers excellent natural conditions for existence and defence. Hence this country has always been able to shelter a large stationary population of homogeneous characteristics. On the other hand, being situated at one of Europe's main cross-roads, where the fringes of the Danube zone come into contact with the vast steppes to the East, and also with the Balkan world, it has, since the most ancient times, been subjected to very diverse influences of either a peaceful or a violent nature.

So far the most interesting form of human existence which we have been able to reconstruct on the basis of the archaeological discoveries made in Rumania is the Neolithic civilisation of the painted ceramics, also called "Cucuteni," after the site near Jassy, where its first and most characteristic traces were found. This civilisation developed approximately between 2200 and 1600 B.C. The centre of its diffusion is Moldavia, while it verges on the East of Transylvania, Galicia, and part of the Ukraine. It is characterised by pottery ornamented by motifs painted in three or two colours in a splendid meander-spiral style. The pots of this type, as well as the numerous "Cucuteni" earthen idols representing a female deity, suggest striking analogies from the centres of high culture of Asia and the pre-Hellenic Aegean area.

Knowledge of this civilisation, both as regards its extension in space and its definition in time, and

also as regards the study of its specific elements, has made important progress through the excavations carried out in Moldavia after the war. During the last four years such

excavations have principally been located in the district of Neamtzu, at the foot of the Carpathians, a picturesque region very favourable to human settlements, where prehistoric stations, especially of the "Cucuteni" type, have proved to be very



THE POSITION OF THE NEOLITHIC SITES EXPLORED BY DR. VULPE AT THE FOOT OF THE CARPATHIANS IN MOLDAVIA: A SKETCH MAP, SHOWING PLACES ALLUDED TO IN THIS ARTICLE.

numerous. To these series of stations belong the settlements of Izvoare and Calu, which have been explored by the writer and which form the object of the present short account. Situated on both sides of the Bistrizia Valley, not far from the

of human life of the Neolithic period of Eastern Europe. Called by us "Izvoare I. civilisation," it is characterised (among other features) by the lines of dots imprinted upon the soft clay paste of its ceramics before burning, by means of a toothed comb, just as is the case with the pots belonging to the well-known category of the so-called "Kammerkeramik" of the Neolithic period of Russia and Siberia. Besides fragments of pottery, fragments of female and animal idols, of copper objects, and instruments of polished stone were found.

The "Izvoare I. civilisation" is not lacking in impressive affinities with the subsequent phases of "Cucuteni civilisation." Although the Cucuteni culture has evolved considerably, and exhibits superior aesthetic qualities in its splendid painted ceramics, it still conserves a predilection for feminine and animal clay idols, modelled in a free style, as well as for tools of polished stone, and monochrome pots with spiral-like incisions. Moreover, the 1938 excavations at Izvoare have shown the existence of a new intermediary layer, between "Izvoare I." and "Cucuteni A," with vases ornamented in a transition style with spiral-like incisions and with simple lines or dots painted in white.

These are new discoveries which, as they gain substance by observations based on future examinations, are destined to clarify the most important problems of the Rumanian Neolithic period. Among these problems the most essential is that of the origin of the "Cucuteni A civilisation." Was this created on the spot in Moldavia, spreading from there to the most remote valleys and forests, and up into the mountains, where its vestiges are so often found? Or was it imported ready-made from some other part? Or was it autochthonous in essentials and only subjected to more or less decisive influences from outside which affected its later evolution? Here is a series of questions which it would be premature to answer categorically. What we may affirm as positive for the time being is that the analogies with the East, both in the "Izvoare I. civilisation" and in all the "Cucuteni" phases, are overwhelming, and may be traced back over the whole immense expanse of the Euro-Asiatic continent, as far as Mesopotamia, Central Asia, and even China, where the prehistoric painted ceramics made in the Province of Kansu show astonishing resemblances to the "Cucuteni B" style of Moldavia. The frequent invasions of peoples from those distant parts who strayed near the Carpathians in those remote ages, just as they did in the well-known historical periods, cannot be disjoined from the various phases that distinguish the remarkable evolution of the Neolithic civilisation in Moldavia.

It is also extremely likely that the anonymous inhabitants who developed this civilisation were not of Indo-European origin. The "Cucuteni" settlements all show traces of violent total destruction by fire, while their highly-finished workmanship in ceramics, as well as the other characteristics of their civilisation, disappear without leaving a trace, to make room for the more sober and rustic forms of the Bronze civilisation, which continues slowly evolving until the Roman epoch. This catastrophic change in prehistoric Rumania can best be attributed to the first invasion of the Indo-Europeans, of whom the Tracians—*i.e.*, the Dacians, the protohistoric inhabitants of the Carpatho-Danubian regions—were a unit.



THE "CUCUTENI B TRICHROMIC" STYLE: A SMALL TERRACOTTA VASE FROM THE CALU SITE, ORNAMENTED IN WHITE, RED AND BLACK, WITH WAVY LINES AND SPIRALS.

town of Piatra Neamtzu, these two sites were well suited to attract the old inhabitants of that region, owing to the favourable conditions of defence and water supply.

At Calu all the principal phases and styles of this civilisation are represented—namely, the "Cucuteni A" style, with pots painted all over in three colours—white, red and black—with motifs of spiral or meander bands; the "Cucuteni B trichromic" style, with ornaments painted in the same colours, but with other motifs and very often employing the device of filling in the spaces by hatching; and, lastly, the "Cucuteni B dichromic" style, of a later date (towards the beginning of the Bronze Age) with geometrical ornaments, particularly spiral-shaped ones, formed by thin black and red, or simply black, lines drawn on the shiny fawn-rose background of the pot.

The older settlement at Izvoare lasted for a shorter period. There only the "Cucuteni A" style was in evidence, but in great profusion. What renders the Izvoare excavations especially valuable from a scientific point of view is the discovery of a new layer at the base of the Cucuteni layer, representing a prehistoric civilisation, unknown in Moldavia up to now, which is considered to be among the oldest forms

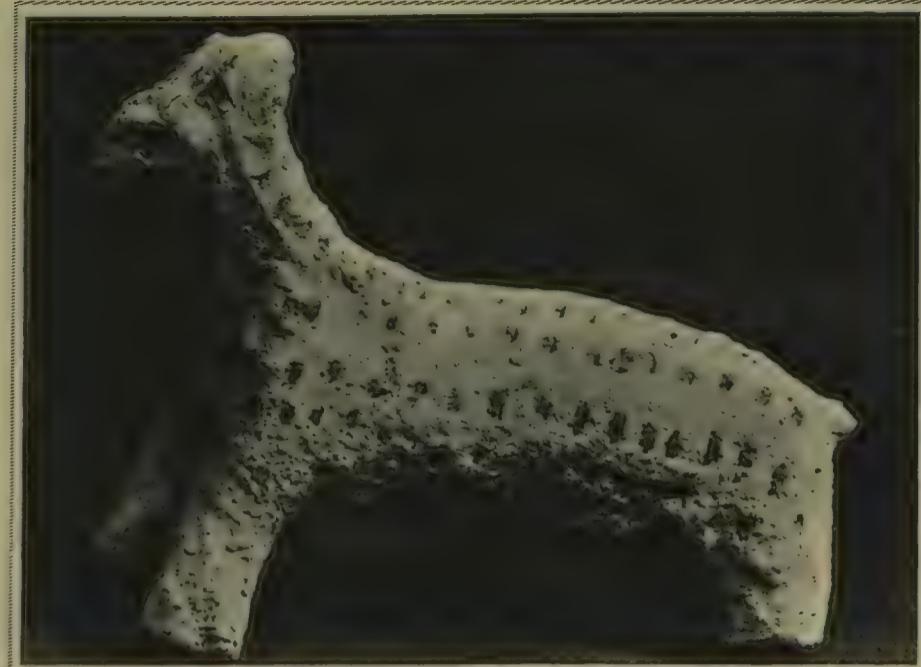


A TERRACOTTA FEMALE FIGURINE, WITH A GIRDLE—AFFORDING AN ANALOGY BETWEEN NEOLITHIC MOLDAVIAN AND PRE-HELLENIC AEgeAN CULTURES.

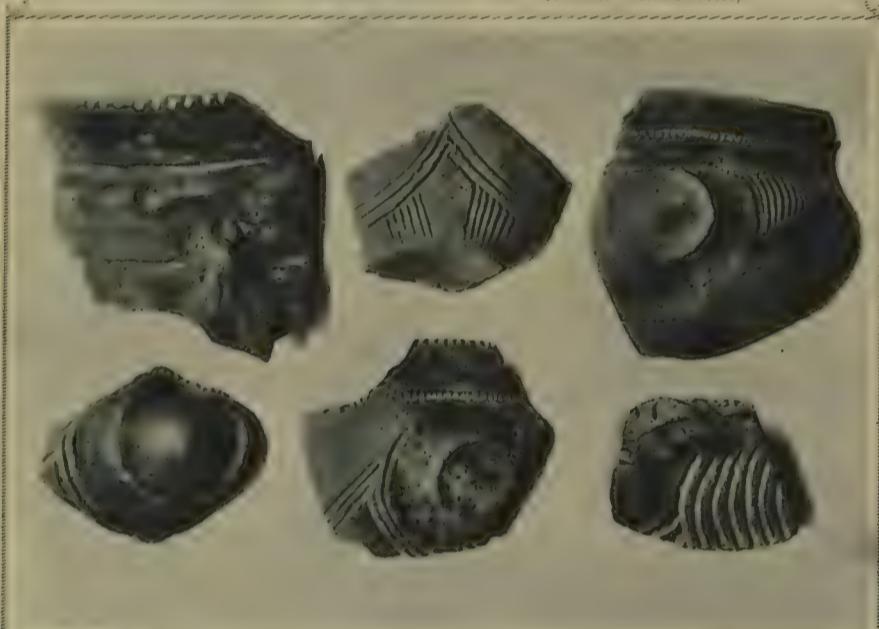
## MOLDAVIA 4,000 YEARS AGO: DISCOVERIES THAT INCLUDE A CHILD'S RATTLE.



FROM THE SITE AT IZVOARE, IN RUMANIA, WHERE ABUNDANT EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE ADVANCED NEOLITHIC CIVILISATION OF MOLDAVIA IS COMING TO LIGHT: A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE OF A BULL. (Double actual size.)



THE RATTLE OF A CHILD LIVING IN NEOLITHIC MOLDAVIA OVER 4000 YEARS AGO: A HOLLOW TERRA-COTTA ANIMAL FOUND AT IZVOARE, CONTAINING A PEBBLE; AN EXAMPLE OF ZOOMORPHOUS ART FROM THE EARLIEST STRATUM. (Much reduced.)



THE STYLE OF THE CULTURE THAT PRECEDED THE "CUCUTENI" CULTURE AT IZVOARE—REPRESENTING A NEOLITHIC CIVILISATION HITHERTO UNKNOWN IN MOLDAVIA, AND ONE OF THE OLDEST YET FOUND IN EUROPE: POTTERY FRAGMENTS ORNAMENTED WITH PROMINENCES, FLUTINGS, AND LINES OF DOTS IMPRESSED WITH THE TOOTH OF A COMB.



A VASE STAND DECORATED WITH A PATTERN OF RED AND BLACK SPIRALS ON A WHITE GROUND ("CUCUTENI A" STYLE), FROM THE CALU SITE. (Height, 42 cm.)



A SMALL TERRA-COTTA VASE, DECORATED WITH WAVY BANDS OF WHITE AND BLACK LINES ON A RED GROUND ("CUCUTENI B TRICHROMIC" STYLE), FROM THE SITE AT CALU.

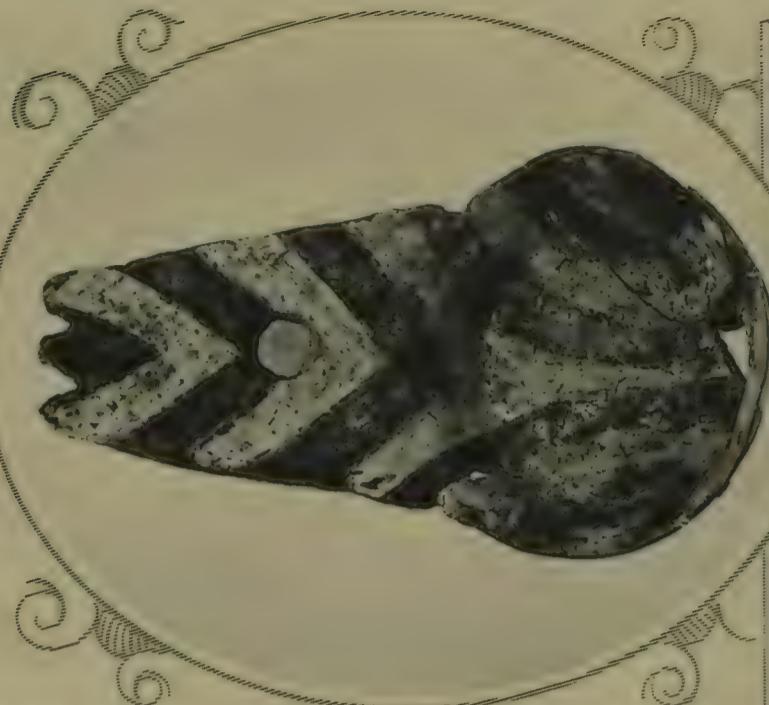


A TERRA-COTTA POT FOUND IN THE UPPER STRATUM AT IZVOARE; PAINTED IN A WHITE GEOMETRICAL STYLE WITH BLACK LINES ON A RED GROUND. (Height, c. 30 cm.)

On this page we illustrate objects from both the sites in the Bistritza Valley explored by Dr. Vulpe and described in the article on page 1123. At Calu are represented all the principal phases of the so-called "Cucuteni" Neolithic culture of Moldavia. At Izvoare the older settlement lasted for a shorter period. There only the "Cucuteni A" style was in evidence, though in great profusion. What renders the Izvoare excavations especially valuable is the discovery of a new layer at the base of the Cucuteni layer, representing a prehistoric civilisation unknown in Moldavia

up to now, and thought to represent one of the oldest Neolithic cultures in Europe. It is characterised by monochrome ceramics, gypsum incrustations, grooves or mouldings in relief and by lines of dots imprinted upon the clay while soft by means of a toothed comb (examples of which are illustrated in the centre of this page), and similar in this to the so-called "Kammkeramik" of the Neolithic period of Russia and Siberia. It has also important affinities with the Cucuteni culture which succeeded it. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. RADU VULPE. (SEE ARTICLE ON PREVIOUS PAGE.)

## MOLDAVIA'S STONE AGE CULTURE: FEMALE FIGURES; POTTERY; A SPOON.



FROM THE NEWLY-EXPLORED NEOLITHIC SITE AT IZVOARE ON THE BISTRITZA, IN MOLDAVIA: A TERRA-COTTA SPOON FOUND IN THE UPPER STRATUM, HAVING RED AND WHITE STRIPES SEPARATED BY BLACK LINES.



A TERRA-COTTA VASE FROM IZVOARE (UPPER STRATUM) REPRESENTING A HUMAN ABDOMEN AND LEGS; THE COVER (NOT FOUND) PROBABLY PROVIDING THE THORAX AND HEAD. (Actual size.)

A SPLENDID MASTERPIECE OF THE NEOLITHIC CIVILISATION OF MOLDAVIA ("CUCUTENI A" STRATUM): A TERRA-COTTA VASE MADE IN ONE WITH ITS SUPPORT, ORNAMENTED WITH WHITE SPIRALS EDGED WITH BLACK ON A GROUND OF RED HATCHINGS. (Height, c. 50 cm.)



THE TASTE FOR FEMALE FIGURINES WHICH PERSISTS THROUGHOUT THE NEOLITHIC CULTURES OF MOLDAVIA: A CHAIR WITH A WOMAN SEATED UPON IT—THE UPPER AND LOWER PARTS OF HER BODY BEING MISSING. (Actual size.)



PART OF A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE OF A FEMALE DEITY, DECORATED WITH INCISED LINES—SUCH FIGURES BEING VERY COMMON IN THE NEOLITHIC PAINTED-POTTERY CIVILISATION OF MOLDAVIA. (Actual size.)

Both the "Cucuteni" civilisation, investigated by Dr. Vulpe at the sites on the Bistriza, and the even more ancient culture which preceded it (found only at Izvoare) showed a predilection for feminine clay images, modelled in a free style. The "Cucuteni" culture has been found to be divided into three phases—namely, the "Cucuteni A" style, with pots painted all over in three colours, white, red and

black, with motifs of spirals or meander bands; the "Cucuteni B trichromic" style, with ornaments painted in the same colours, but with the spaces of the design often filled in with hatching; and lastly, the "Cucuteni B dichromic" style, of a later date (towards the beginning of the Bronze Age) with geometrical ornaments on the plain surface of the pot. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. RADU VULPE. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 1123.)

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT, AND THE TATE.



PROBABLY MADE AT CASTELLI IN THE EARLY 17TH CENTURY: AN ITALIAN MAIOLICA DISH AT THE V. AND A.



MADE WHEN TEA-DRINKING WAS BECOMING A VOGUE IN ENGLAND: A LATE 17TH-CENTURY SILVER-GILT TEAPOT.



ORNAMENTED WITH SCENES OF THE TRIUMPH OF AMPHITRITE AND POSEIDON: AN 18TH-CENTURY SILVER TEA-KETTLE.

This Italian dish is the most important of five pieces of maiolica recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum from the Ridout Collection. It bears the well-known viper and child of the Visconti family of Milan, and a bishop's green hat showing the rank of its original owner, who occupied the see of Teramo in the Abruzzi. The silver-gilt teapot and the silver tea-kettle come from the late Mr. Lionel A. Crichton's collection. The earliest known English silver teapot bears

the London hall-mark for 1670, and has long belonged to the Victoria and Albert. The decoration of the teapot illustrated here is quite in accordance with its having been made in Charles II.'s reign. Its maker's mark, R.H., in a shaped escutcheon, is first recorded in 1687. The tea-kettle bears the mark of Charles Kandler, an artist of German origin who entered his mark at Goldsmith's Hall in 1727. He died in 1737.



"LA FEMME AU VIOLONCELLE"; BY SIMON LÉVY, ONE OF THE RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE TATE.



"MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS"; A BRONZE PORTRAIT BUST BY FRANK DOBSON.



"THE MOAT"; BY JOHN NASH—PRESENTED BY THE CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY.

A considerable number of interesting acquisitions have recently been made by the Tate Gallery, some of which appear on this page. "La Femme au Violoncelle," presented by Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, is a good example of the work of Simon Lévy, a modern French artist better known, perhaps, in Paris than in London. Mr. Frank Dobson's bronze of Miss Margaret Rawlings, the actress, shows the less massive aspect of this sculptor's work often found in his portrait busts.

It is presented by an anonymous donor. The Tate has also acquired Frank Dobson's "Susannah," presented by the Contemporary Art Society. This Society has also given five paintings, by W. T. Monnington, R.A., Ethel Walker, Wyndham Lewis, Sickert, and the John Nash, which is reproduced above. John Nash, together with his brother Paul, are now among the most popular of modern English painters; reproductions of their work being seen in many houses.



ONE OF THE RECENT LOANS ON VIEW AT THE TATE GALLERY: "DAVID GARRICK AS RICHARD III.," PAINTED BY HOGARTH IN 1746 AND LENT BY LORD FEVERSHAM.



AN INDIAN BRONZE RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT: AIYALAR, SON OF SIVA, IN SUKHASANA (I.E., IN THE POSTURE OF EASE).

This figure of patinated bronze is not easy to date, but it appears to be several centuries old. In post-Vedic mythology Siva is the destroyer god who, with Brahma, the creator, and Vishnu, the preserver, forms the Indian trinity. Aiyalar is the son of Siva and Vishnu, the latter god having been wooed by Siva after assuming feminine form as Mohini. Aiyalar is his Southern Indian name. He is also known as Harahariputra, that is, son of Hara (Siva) and Hari (Vishnu).

# This England . . .



Pelynt, Cornwall

THE weather-lore of the people has centuries of experience behind it, though T perforce it is but local—just as Authority's decree is general. The sunrise tells much, strong colours, high dawns or over-much clarity portending rain or storm. As do indeed the movements of the beasts—do they not say that madly-squeaking swine can "see the wind"? For the townsman there is chimney smoke that plunges back to earth, old Fido's sluggishness, the flies' attachment to the ceiling, or the clarity of stars seen over-night. And if, despite all, the rain should catch you summer-clad, or sudden sun parboil you in your cautious coat, there is your Worthington to save or soothe. For this, too, is come by centuries of observation of man's need—in every aspect that our climate wears.





THE annual exhibition at Messrs. Mallett is, as usual, diverse in subject and of the customary high standard, and the less "classic" things in it make up in interest what they lack in other respects. There is, for example, an agreeable sentimentality about the small work-box of Fig. 1, for this was once the property of Queen Victoria and still contains pieces of unfinished work; the box itself was made before her time—the inlaid satinwood with a tambour front dates it pretty accurately to a few years before the nineteenth century. In another category is the sideboard of Fig. 5, remarkable, not as a highly finished example of the great oak tradition of English furniture, but as a very original experiment on the part of a local joiner making a new-fangled and practical piece for the squire's dining-room—at least, that is what it seems to me. It is a comparatively roughly-made object, with a drawer in the centre and two cupboards on each side, and the maker whoever he was—had

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A FURNITURE, SILVER AND PORCELAIN EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

William and Mary travelling timepiece of Fig. 2, partly silver, partly gilt, engraved and enriched with a wealth of detail. By more famous makers are a longcase clock by George Graham, and a bracket clock by his great friend, master and partner, Thomas Tompion, in an ebony case, dial engraved with foliage and the almost inevitable and invariably charming device of cherubs in the corners, and two subsidiary dials, one for regulation and the other with hand to set to strike or not strike. There is a lot to be said against existence as it must have been in the late seventeenth century, but what full, useful and exciting lives

two important tapestries, a collection of English needlework, a case of Worcester porcelain—that fine deep blue of the early period, and what is, to me, the finer lighter blue and green of Sèvres. In a collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain, two large and two small plates (Yung-Chêng mark) prove very neatly that the Chinese potter, in addition to his incomparable technical ability, had so often the great gift of knowing just how empty space can enhance a design—birds and sprays of flowers are exquisitely placed on a pure creamy-white ground.

But these are the savouries: the main feast is furniture, and one must return to it. To many visitors the most remarkable piece on view will be a Queen Anne walnut bureau with a mirrored door—the wood has a beautiful tone—and the bases and capitals of the columns, etc., are enriched with ormolu. It sounds a trifle odd written thus in cold blood—why gild the lily?—but the metal blends admirably with the wood and one has no feeling of incongruity. Rather later (about 1730) is a magnificent scarlet and gold lacquer cabinet with the label of Giles Grendey in one of the drawers—an interesting and



1. A SMALL WORK-BOX WHICH WAS ONCE THE PROPERTY OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND STILL CONTAINS SOME UNFINISHED WORK: A PIECE OF SENTIMENTAL INTEREST, FITTED WITH SPOOLS FOR SILK AND BOXES FOR BEADS, WHOSE INLAID SATINWOOD WITH A TAMBOUR FRONT DATES IT TO A FEW YEARS BEFORE THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



2. ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL CLOCKS IN THE MALLETT EXHIBITION: A WILLIAM AND MARY TRAVELLING TIMEPIECE, PARTLY SILVER AND PARTLY GILT, ENGRAVED AND ENRICHED WITH A WEALTH OF DETAIL.

were lived by the clockmakers: always experimenting and quite miraculously combining the beauty of mechanical devices with the beauty of static form and decoration, all the time with a not quite attained practical ideal before them—that of accuracy under all conditions.

The silver is always a distinguished part of this display—two cases of it and about seventy items, among them several pieces from the Hearst collection—for example, the famous Commonwealth silver-gilt porringer and tazza, engraved with the arms of Sir Robert Cotton, to whom Oxford is indebted for the Cottonian Library. Of less importance, as the word is used by collectors, but very good indeed of their kind—bringing us quickly from the banqueting hall to a fireside tea-table—are two George I. teapots (one marked at Exeter, the other at Edinburgh), which in themselves sum up the plain, solid, practical good sense of this particular period of English craftsmanship before the fashion changed once more to more obviously decorative designs. Incidentally, colour is by no means absent from the exhibition—there are



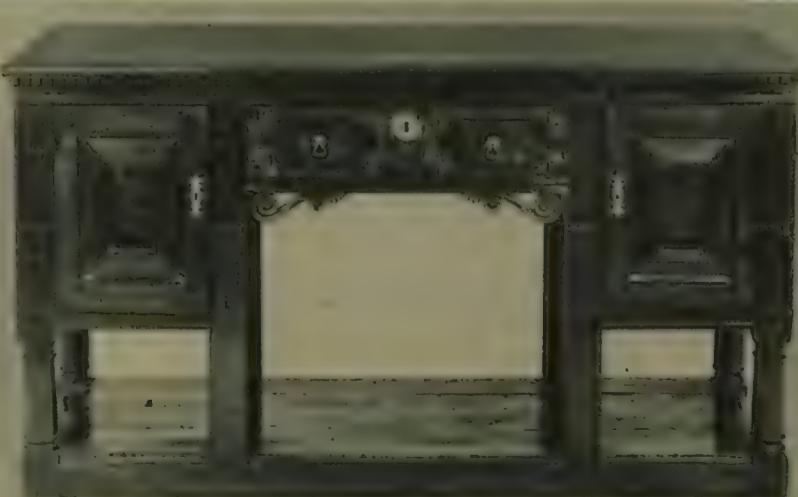
3. A NOTABLE EXHIBIT AT MESSRS. MALLETT'S EXHIBITION: A RARE WHEEL-BACK CHAIR (ONE OF A SET OF FOUR) OF ABOUT 1780.  
(Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son, 40, New Bond Street, W.1.)

memories of the decoration beloved of his grandfather and great-grandfather and combined them with what was considered fitting in his time. Date presumably in the last half of the seventeenth century, and oddly foreshadowing the sophisticated mahogany and satinwood sideboards of just about a hundred years later. I understand that for many years this sideboard was used as a counter in a village shop—a slot in the top, still visible, allowed coins to fall down inside.

Of several clocks, one of which, by Samuel Whichcote, has an arched top with an equation of time adjustment—a very unusual feature in a bracket clock—the most delightful to the casual eye will surely be the



4. ONE OF A SET OF TEN CHAIRS WHICH CAN BE ASCRIBED TO GILES GRENDNEY, AN ENTERPRISING CABINET-MAKER OF CLERKENWELL, WHO DID A GREAT DEAL OF WORK FOR THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE MARKET: A SCARLET AND GOLD LACQUER ARMCHAIR OF ABOUT 1730.

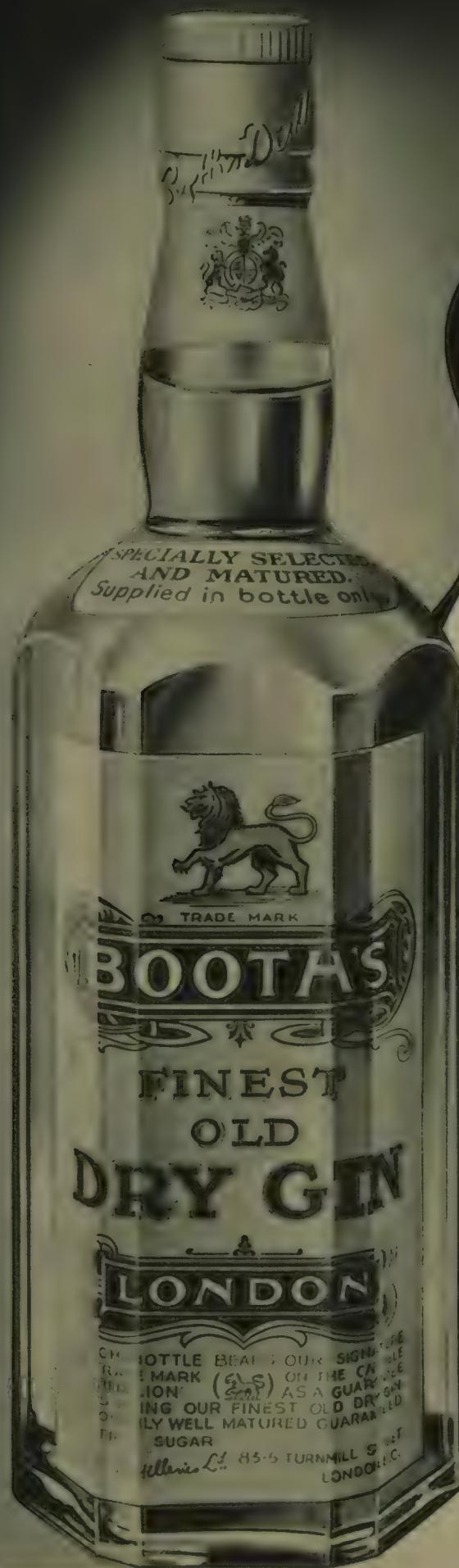


5. FORESHADOWING THE SOPHISTICATED MAHOGANY AND SATINWOOD SIDEBOARDS OF JUST ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS LATER: ONE OF THE EARLIEST KNOWN EXAMPLES OF A CHARLES II. SIDEBOARD, WHICH FOR MANY YEARS WAS USED AS A COUNTER IN A VILLAGE SHOP.

enterprising cabinet-maker of Clerkenwell who was rescued from oblivion not so many years ago. He seems to have done a great deal of work for the Spanish and Portuguese market, and many of his pieces have returned to this country. His style is so distinct that the chair of Fig. 4 (one of a set of ten) can be ascribed to his workshop with confidence. Oak, walnut, mahogany, and satinwood in great variety complete the exhibition. Counting the smaller objects, there are 376 items in the catalogue. As on previous occasions, the entrance fee of 1s. is presented to the National Art Collections Fund: members are admitted free on presentation of their membership card.



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## THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.

## SOME NOTES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF OPERA.

OPERA is one of the musical forms which have given rise to violent disagreements and endless discussions both among musicians and music-lovers. About the end of the nineteenth century there was a period when it was in low repute, owing to a fashion for what, at that time, was called absolute music. For some reason or other people then began to have the idea that absolute music was pure music, and it is interesting to note that this conception of a distinction between pure and impure music made its appearance simultaneously in the other arts, and critics and artists alike began to talk and write of pure poetry and abstract, or pure, painting. By "pure" they meant abstract, non-literary, non-dramatic art. Under the influence of this idea the purest music was what was called the absolute music of Bach.

A fugue on this theory was considered to be pure design, and good music, like good painting, was music which had no subject matter, but was pure form. In order to get over the difficulty of appraising qualitatively different forms, the phrase "significant form" was invented, thus allowing a critic to say that one painting or one fugue was better than another, because its form was more significant. And nobody noticed at first that the introduction of the word "significant"

brought back into the "form" all the impurities—dramatic, descriptive, representative, emotional, etc.—which they had tried to get rid of. Naturally, with this conception of pure music in their mind, critics began to describe opera as the most mixed and debased form of music in existence, and the most erudite of musicians found themselves regarding opera as the average boy or girl regards it—namely, as something nonsensical. They had forgotten that every art requires its own conventions, and that the task of the artist is to express truth within the frame of his chosen convention. In other words, art demands

Such a reform became necessary in the seventeenth century and again in the eighteenth, and the words used by the reformers to express their aims were almost identical in both cases. About the year 1770 Gluck wrote his celebrated preface to the score of his opera "Alceste," in which he made the following statement :

When I undertook to set the opera of "Alceste" to music I resolved to avoid all those abuses which had crept into Italian opera through the mistaken vanity of singers and the unwise compliance of composers, which had rendered it wearisome and ridiculous, instead of being, as it

once was, the grandest and most imposing stage of modern times. I endeavoured to reduce music to its proper function, that of recording poetry by enforcing the expression of the sentiment and the interest of the situations without interrupting the action or weakening it by superfluous ornament. . . . I have therefore been very careful never to interrupt a singer in the heat of a dialogue in order to introduce a tedious ritornello, nor to stop him in the middle of a piece, either for the purpose of displaying the flexibility of his voice or some

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TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA.



IRINA BARONOVA.



TAMARA GRIGORIEVA.

THREE BALLERINAS WHO WILL BE SEEN AGAIN AT COVENT GARDEN, WHERE THE SEASON OF RUSSIAN BALLET OPENS ON JUNE 19.

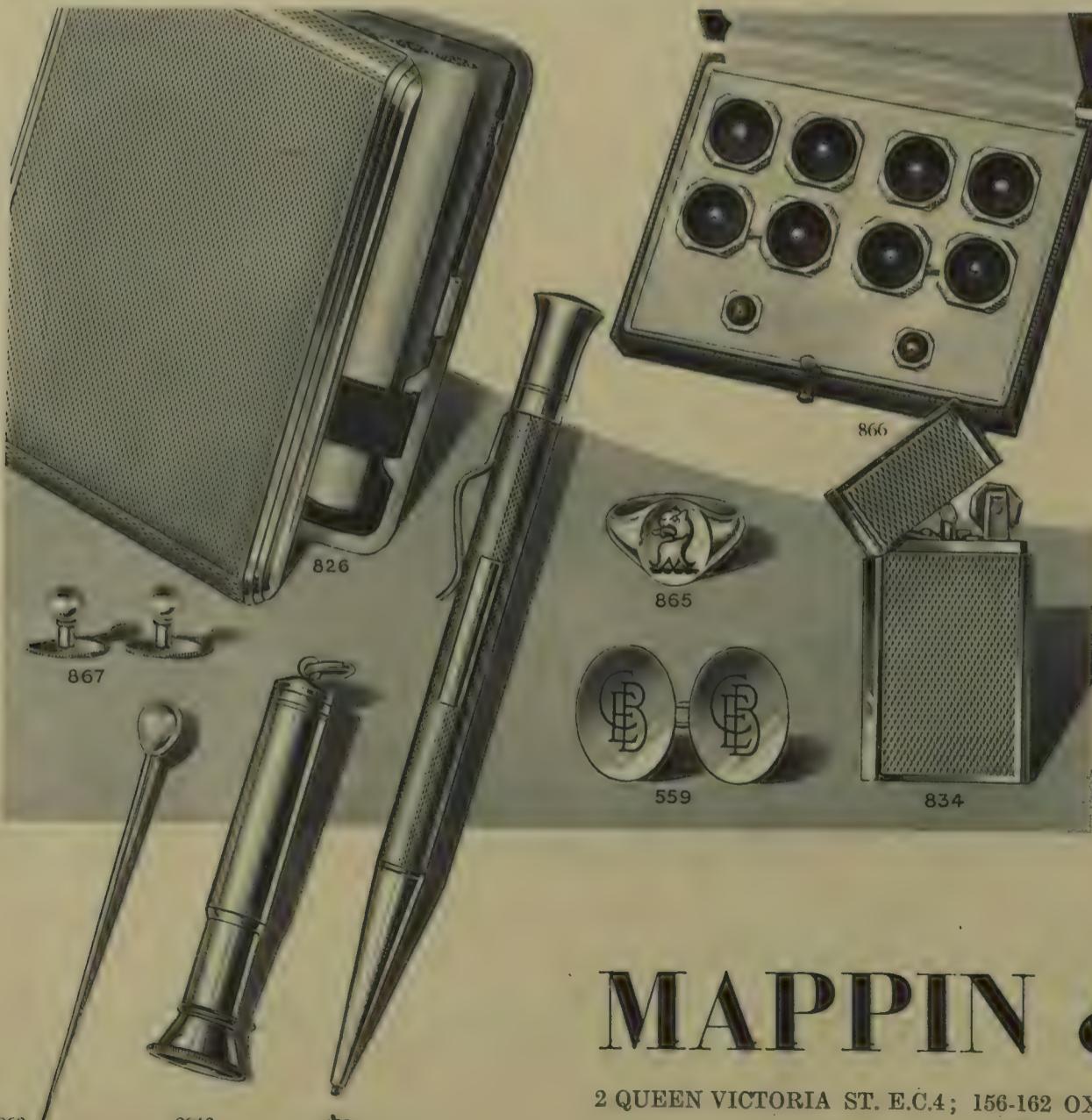
artifice and is neither the mere copying of reality nor the mere empty spinning of meaningless and expressionless abstractions.

Strangely enough, the history of opera itself shows the truth of this statement. Once every hundred years since the beginning of opera, in the fifteenth century, there has been a reform of opera, and this reform has always been the same in essence—namely, a return to the task of expressing drama truthfully in music and the turning away from what had become mere sterile, abstract note-spinning.

favourable vowel, or that the orchestra might give him time to take breath before a long-sustained note.

In order to see the enormous advance in the art of opera made by Gluck we have only to compare his "Orfeo," composed in 1774, or "Alceste," composed in 1767, with any opera by Handel. Take, for example, Handel's opera "Rodelinda," composed in 1725, which the Department of Arts at Dartington Hall has recently presented at the Old Vic, and contrast it with "Orfeo" and "Alceste," and what do we find ?

[Continued overleaf.]



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*Continued.*

First of all that Gluck has taken care to obtain a poet who can plan for him a convincingly dramatic and effective libretto, whereas Handel's libretto is a farrago of nonsense. Then in the forty-odd years between them there had been a great development of the musical form, which was due to the effort to express dramatic situations more truthfully and movingly. In "Rodelinda" there is only one duet, very elementary in form. The opera consists of nothing more than a sequence of recitatives and single arias. The object of most of the arias is, primarily, to display the singer's voice, although it is true that Handel, being a musician of genius, did succeed very often in putting some real expression into his formal patterns. But, compared with Gluck, he had no conception whatever of dramatic colour, of varying the orchestration according to the nature of the situation or of the use of choruses. Handel's operas are much more abstract, much more simply a matter of spinning formal musical patterns, than Gluck's, and Gluck's art may be truthfully described as a return to nature and to the expression of reality in terms of art as contrasted with what we might call the pure music of Handel. It seems as if every return to nature in the history of an art brings with it a certain simplification. It would be true to say that in a sense Gluck's arias are simpler and less elaborate than Handel's. That this would be so we can see from other words of his taken from the preface I have already quoted. He says, for example:

My idea was that the overture ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the



ONE OF THE NEW BALLET'S INCLUDED IN THIS YEAR'S REPERTOIRE AT COVENT GARDEN: A SCENE FROM DAVID LICHINE'S "THE PRODIGAL SON," THE MUSIC OF WHICH IS BY PROKOFIEFF, AND THE COSTUME AND SCENERY BY THE PAINTER ROUALT.

The argument of the new Lichine ballet—an event of considerable interest—follows in general the Biblical parable. Lichine is also responsible for the choreography of the ballet "Songe Chorégraphique," with music by Debussy. The other new production this year is "Paganini," with choreography by Michel Fokine and music by Serge Rachmaninoff.

piece they are about to see; that the instruments ought to be introduced in proportion to the degree of interest and passion in the words; and that it was necessary, above all, to avoid making too great a disparity between the recitative and the air of a dialogue, so as not to break the sense of a period or awkwardly interrupt the movement and animation of a scene. I also thought that my chief endeavour should be to attain a grand simplicity, and consequently I have avoided making a parade of difficulties

at the cost of clearness. I have set no value on novelty as such, unless it was naturally suggested by the situation and suited to the expression. . . .

Mozart was the heir of Gluck and his operas are essentially truthful and faithful to their dramatic content, but, after him, opera degenerated, particularly in Italy, to being a mere vehicle for display in which truthfulness of expression and dramatic verisimilitude were sacrificed. A fresh movement of reform was instigated by Wagner, and it is interesting to note that he developed a stage further one of Gluck's ideas—namely, that of avoiding too great a disparity between the recitative and the air. He practically did away with all trace of any distinction and invented a sort of continuous *melos*, a sort of flowing melodic recitative which has no breaks and no set forms. In this obliteration of differences he departed a little from nature, some may think, and we may



THE FINALE OF "THE PRODIGAL SON": A GROUP SHOWING ROSTOFF AS THE FATHER, AND ANTON DOLIN AS THE PRODIGAL SON.

now be on the verge of one more reform of opera in the same direction of dramatic truthfulness and simplicity.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

Lord NUFFIELD is much in the news at the moment, due to his continued generosity, his exploit of producing 1,000,000 cars from the Morris Works at Cowley, and the astonishing achievement of the 1087 c.c. 12-h.p. supercharged M.G. Magnette in making new records for the mile, kilometre and five kilometres at the speeds, respectively, of 203·2 m.p.h., 203·5 m.p.h., and 197·5 m.p.h., an almost incredible performance for such a small six-cylinder-engined automobile. M.G. cars are made at Abingdon-on-Thames, where Mr. Cecil Kimber is in charge, and he, as well as Major A. T. G. Gardner, who drove this wonderful M.G. on the German motor road at Dessau, outside Berlin, deserves full credit for this new international record for Class G. But this success has

been speedily followed by further achievements in the 1500 c.c. Class F, as the cylinders were bored out to increase the total engine-capacity, at that time within the 1100 c.c. Class-H limit, in order to make new figures for these distances in Class F. The average time made on May 31 for Class H for the kilometre was 10·99 sec., equal to 203·5 m.p.h.; for the mile 17·72 secs. (203·2 m.p.h.), and for the five kilometres 56·62 secs., or 197·5 m.p.h. The fastest run up the mile course was 207·4 m.p.h. (the first one), but a cross-wind slowed the return journey by eight miles per hour, to reduce the average times and speeds as given. Both the mile and kilometre have to be run up and down, with the average time taken to count for an international record. Mr. Reid Railton was the designer of the streamlined single-seat coachwork fitted on the 12-h.p. M.G. chassis, and he equally deserves great praise for his share in this British success.

Lord Nuffield's M.G. Magnette six-cylinder first captured the short 1100 c.c. records for Class H, and then, slightly bored out to increase the capacity over 1100 c.c., on June 2, driven by Major A. T. G. Gardner, created new records for the 1½ litre (1500 c.c.), Class F, of 204·2 m.p.h. for the kilometre, 203·8 m.p.h. for the mile, and 200·4 m.p.h. for the five kilometres.

Mr. John Cobb, "Honest John of Brooklands," the world's heavy-weight racing motorist, is going to America again to try and beat the present world's land speed record. In his last attempt, in September, 1938, he was successful in driving his Napier-Railton car, with its two twelve-cylinder aero engines, which originally had been installed in a motor-boat, to produce runs of a kilometre in 6·34 secs. (equal to 352·82 m.p.h.) and in the southern run of the course 6·44 secs. (equal to 347·35 m.p.h.), and of a mile in 10·19 secs. (equal to 353·29 m.p.h.) and 10·37 secs. (equal to 347·16 m.p.h.), the average

speed of the two runs being 350·07 m.p.h. for the kilometre and 350·20 m.p.h., or 10·28 secs. for the mile—a new world's record which Captain Eyston bettered on the following day. This year Mr. Cobb has the field to himself as far as Eyston is concerned, but Ab Jenkins also hopes to beat Eyston's present record of 357 m.p.h. and reach the desired goal that Cobb is striving for of 360 miles an hour, or six miles a minute. Much depends on the condition of the Bonneville Salt Flats, and everybody hopes this course will be better than when the last record was made.



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## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 1114)

A humbler Irish soldier who served in South Africa is said to have remarked: "Shure, there's as brave a hear-t bates under an Oirishman's jacket as under a Highland's kilt!" This dictum occurs in a new instalment of a regimental history, monumental in scale, entitled "THE LIFE OF A REGIMENT." The History of the Gordon Highlanders. Vol. III. From 1898 to 1914. By Lieut.-Col. A. D. Greenhill Gardyne. With numerous Illustrations (one in Colour), Maps, Plans, and Appendices. (Medici Society; £1 1s.). Sir Ian Hamilton, as Colonel of the Regiment, contributes a Foreword, in which he praises both the present author and his father, Colonel C. G. Gardyne (who wrote the first two volumes), and mentions that Vol. IV., covering the Regiment's part in the Great War, is being written by Philip Guedalla. Sir Ian himself, of course, figures prominently in the chapters on the South African War, which bulks large in the present volume, and a footnote to the account of the Elandslaagte action states: "Colonel Hamilton was recommended for the V.C., but there was no case on record where an officer in the position of a general officer—a brigadier—had been awarded it, and it was ruled that such were not eligible."

Colonel Gardyne has made his work all the more readable by relying largely on personal diaries, and he urges future generations to cultivate the diary habit.



THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' PRIVATE RAILWAY STATION AT AIRWAYS HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FIRST SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR SOUTHAMPTON WITH PASSENGERS FOR THE EMPIRE FLYING-BOAT SERVICES. (Topical.)



A CONCESSION TO THOSE WHO ARE RETICENT ABOUT THEIR WEIGHT: A DIAL ON THE OFFICIALS' SIDE OF THE COUNTER AT AIRWAYS HOUSE WHICH REGISTERS THE WEIGHT OF PASSENGERS WHEN THEY TREAD ON A SMALL PLATE SET IN THE FLOOR. (Fox.) Imperial Airways' new headquarters and terminal buildings at Airways House, Buckingham Palace Road, were opened on June 5 and, on the following day, the first special express train left the private railway station at the rear of the building, and adjoining platform No. 17 of Victoria Station, with passengers for the Empire flying-boat services leaving Southampton early on June 7. Passengers can now pass direct from Airways House to the departure platform to start their journey of just over an hour and a half to the flying-boat base.

As we have already seen, the volume does not lack an element of humorous anecdote. Another pleasing example belongs to the Regiment's period of service in Egypt. "There is a story," we read, "of an n.c.o. who, training his section for the first time in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, found his men's attention wandering, and their heads turning to that wonderful construction—'What are ye glowerin' at? A great rickle o' auld stanes! Hae ye no seen Ben 'Nevis?'"

Three other books of kindred interest must be mentioned all too briefly. Life in pre-war submarines provides one of many interesting chapters in a naval officer's reminiscences, vividly related under the title "ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK." By Commander C. L. Kerr, R.N. (Retired). With 27 Illustrations and 3 Maps (Rich and Cowan; 15s.). Personal accounts of campaigning from 1660 to the end of the Victorian era, picturing the British soldier's arms, equipment, food, medical treatment and general conditions, constitute an interesting historical study called "ON ACTIVE SERVICE." By William W. Seymour, Brig.-General, Late Rifle Brigade. With 6 Maps (Bell; 12s. 6d.). Finally, the amazing career of that Austrian Naval officer with whom Sir Roger Keyes (as mentioned above) made friends in Vienna, can be followed in "REGENT OF HUNGARY." The Authorised Life of Admiral Nicholas Horthy. By Owen Rutter. Based on Baroness Lily Dobhoff's "Horthy Miklos." With Illustrations and Maps (Rich and Cowan; 18s.). To this last work I shall hope to return.

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## VERDI AND MOZART

AT GLYNDEBOURNE AND COVENT GARDEN.

VERDI'S "Macbeth," at Glyndebourne, is one of the finest examples of operatic production I have ever seen, and at its revival this season the impression it made upon me last year has been strengthened. In the first place, there is a newcomer as Lady Macbeth, Margherita Grandi, who comes from Tasmania, but has been studying and singing in Italy. Good as was her predecessor's performance last year, the present Lady Macbeth surpassed it. Mme. Grandi has the grand and tragic manner essential to the part, and has a magnificent voice which she uses with great technical skill. Although in Francesco Valentino we have an excellent artist whose Macbeth is a most impressive and satisfying performance, which he has even improved upon this year, yet Lady Macbeth succeeded in giving the necessary impression of being the dominating personality of the two. Margherita Grandi is as gifted an actress as a singer, and I do not remember ever seeing on any stage a Lady Macbeth who was equally impressive and convincing. The great duet in Scene 2 of Act I. between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth was superbly sung, and the producer has succeeded in obtaining just the right sinister atmosphere, while Caspar Neher's setting is both ingenious and effective in its design. For the final chorus of this Act, when the whole castle has been awakened by the murder of Malcolm, the producer, Carl Ebert, has been daring enough to assemble all his forces before the curtain, and this chorus is delivered direct at the auditorium with magnificent and overwhelming effect. Two English singers, David Lloyd as Macduff, and Eric Starling as Malcolm, made a very good impression, and altogether the performance of this opera is a triumph for the conductor, Fritz Busch, and the producer, Carl Ebert. They have made the very most of Verdi's rather unequal score, doing justice to its rare qualities of imagination and force and minimising its occasional weaknesses.

The revival of "Don Giovanni" was made with several changes in the cast this season. The very difficult and exacting rôle of Donna Elvira was entrusted to a singer new to Glyndebourne, Hella Toros, of British nationality. I do not think that Mme. Toros was, either in personality or voice, ideally suited to the part, and on the first night, at least, her singing was somewhat uncertain in intonation. The new Don Ottavio, David Lloyd, made a very successful début in the part. He has a very pretty voice of even quality which will no doubt develop in sonority and colour with experience. His singing already shows a high degree of vocal accomplishment, and he has an excellent presence.

John Brownlee's performance as Don Giovanni is so well known that it is only necessary to add that this year he is singing better than ever. There is an increased ease and variety in his performance and both more colour and more fire in his singing. He is one of the few British singers who, in the flexibility, force and dramatic expression of their recitatives, rival such great Italian masters of Mozartian recitative singing as Mariano Stabile and Salvatore Baccaloni.

At Covent Garden Lauritz Melchior acted impressively in the title rôle of "Otello," and although the Wagnerian singer is not ideally suited to this rôle, Mr. Melchior is able to dominate the scene where necessary with his clear, ringing tones; it is only in the quieter *cantabile* passages that he is not so satisfying. The Desdemona of Maria Caniglia is excellent, as one would expect from so accomplished and experienced an artist. She has a splendid attack and her singing has a delightful sureness. The Iago of Mario Basiola was rather more convincing than most. One felt that this was an Iago who might have won the Moor's ear and was not the mere transparent villain of so many singers in this part. The conducting of Vittorio Gui was excellent.

W. J. TURNER.

## "TO KILL A CAT," AT THE ALDWYCH.

**I**N real life doctors are a distressingly sober body of men. Almost impossible to make them take "one for the road" after an evening's bridge. For should another car dash into them from a side turning, the General Medical Council will almost invariably put the worst construction on the policeman's statement that the defendant's breath smelt of alcohol. Yet, on the stage, every man jack of them is diligently qualifying for admission to an inebriates' home. Mr. J. H. Roberts is another of those medical men who can see no good in a decanter until it is empty. His progress round a room can be followed by a trail of empty glasses.

There are enough plots in this play to furnish a society of dramatic art. But the main one starts from the moment that the befuddled medical man, anxious to kill a cat, leaves a bottle of cyanide of potassium on the sideboard. From that moment the attention of the audience is distracted from the characters. Every eye is fixed on that sideboard, waiting for the moment when the poison shall be emptied into somebody's whisky, or midnight Horlick's. This is as well, for the characters in the play will not bear examination. There is, for instance, the sort of housekeeper who keeps a listening ear on keyholes in haunted houses. The last woman, one would think, to be seduced. Yet Mr. Clifford Mollison, a most attractive ne'er-do-well, with, obviously, all the Vicarage daughters at his mercy, chooses her as his prey.

Then there is a spoiled but charming hostess, played by Miss Enid Stamp Taylor. Everyone seems to desire her death, but she is the one character who is missed when she dies. It is true that when the gardener's little daughter is dying of diphtheria she insists on the doctor finishing a rubber of bridge, instead of flying to the bedside with an anti-toxin, but then it is more than probable that the doctor, in his intoxicated condition, would have diagnosed whooping cough. Whenever there is a bottle of poison on the sideboard there is a will in a play. Lovers of tradition will not be disappointed. There is a will in this play. So many people are likely to benefit from it that the finger of suspicion points at nearly every character on the stage. This is a moderately entertaining play, flattered by the acting.



Photo: E. Sternemann

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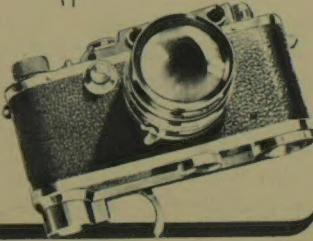


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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.  
By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

## THE ISLE OF VANCOUVER.

VISITORS to the New York World's Fair who intend making a tour of Canada will do well to include a visit to Vancouver Island. Here is some of the finest scenery to be found in Canada; in the interior there are mountain ranges, one with Victoria Peak, 7484 feet in height, and a plateau at an elevation of 4000 feet. This is the Forbidden Plateau, with semi-alpine vegetation; during July and August it is gay with flowers. Mount Albert Edward, 7000 feet, an easy climb, has a remarkable snowfield of pink-tinted snow, and affords magnificent views of the surrounding mountains and the fine panorama of Georgia Strait.

A daily steamship service between Vancouver and Victoria of large, fast and exceedingly comfortable vessels brings Vancouver Isle within easy reach of trans-continental tourists in Canada. Victoria, the delightful capital of the island and of the province of British Columbia, has a most agreeable summer climate and a splendid situation. It also has one of the most charming hotels imaginable, the Empress, with luxurious accommodation and some of the finest gardens to be met with in any part of the world.



GARDENS WHICH ARE WORLD-FAMED FOR THEIR BEAUTY: A CORNER OF THE BUTCHART SUNKEN GARDENS, SOME FOURTEEN MILES DISTANT FROM VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL OF VANCOUVER.

Under Canadian Pacific management, the Empress Hotel is an ideal centre for sightseeing. It is the chief social rendezvous of the island, and its facilities for sport and pleasure are manifold.

Victoria is a city with imposing public buildings, broad thoroughfares, and beautiful gardens. Its aspect is far more English than that of any other city or town in Canada. Fourth port in Canada, Victoria has a busy mercantile life: large liners call from Far Eastern and Australian ports, and there is a constant water traffic from other Canadian and American ports. It is also the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Navy.

From Victoria quite a short motor drive along a good road takes one to Tod Inlet, on the lovely Saanich Peninsula. Here are Butchart's Sunken Gardens, laid out with a skill which creates the most entrancing effects, whilst the variety of species and luxuriance of growth are remarkable. On the road to the Sunken Gardens you pass Little Saanich Mountain, on the summit of which is the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, containing the second largest telescope in the world. Further along the Peninsula is Sidney, from which you can go by ferry steamer to the San Juan Island, United States territory, and on to Anacortes, in the State of Washington. Other interesting trips



A FINE VIEW OF SAANICH ARM (BRENTWOOD BAY), TAKEN FROM THE MALAHAT DRIVE—A SECTION OF THE REMARKABLE ROAD KNOWN AS THE ISLAND HIGHWAY OF VANCOUVER. (Photographs by Associated Screen News, Ltd., Victoria.)

from Victoria are to the rugged country among the hills of Sooke, where there is fine salmon and trout fishing; to Shawnigan Lake, with facilities for boating and bathing; to Cowichan Bay, which has good sea bathing; to Port Angeles, on the Olympic Peninsula in Washington; and to Seattle, the chief city of that State.

Vancouver is 285 miles long and from 40 to 80 miles wide, with an area of 20,000 square miles; but, thanks to the construction of a remarkable motor road, the Island Highway, it is possible to travel northwards from Victoria for a distance of 186 miles, through a region of extraordinary scenic charm, to Menzies Bay. Soon after leaving Victoria, at Parson's Bridge, is a fine view of Esquimalt, Canada's naval base on the Pacific. At Goldstream you strike a section of the road known as the Malahat Drive, with an elevation of 1250 feet, and a magnificent view of the Saanich Peninsula and of Mount Baker, in Washington; then, after descending to Cowichan Bay and crossing Cowichan River, you pass through the little town of Duncan, embowered in trees; Ladysmith, with a picturesque harbour; Nanaimo, a mining town, with a ferry across to Vancouver, and on to Parksville. Here a detour inland is made by beautiful Cameron Lake to Alberni, over which towers Mount Arrowsmith, capped with snow, returning to the coast by a branch road leading to Qualicum Beach, a delightful stretch of shore. The road now runs northwards to Cumberland, a centre for the Strathcona National Park. Passing through Courtenay the road then touches the Campbell River, along by the coast, and ends at Menzies Bay, in a region of wild scenery famed for its sport.